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The capital, by Tom Fleming, c



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For ever and ever yours up in future brought forth in the conduct a new nation
 conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal
 Now we are engaged in a great civil war testing whether that nation or any nation
 so conceived and so dedicated can long endure We are met on a great battlefield
 of that war We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a resting place
 for those who here gave their lives that the nation might live It is altogether
 fitting and proper that we should do this But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate
 we cannot consecrate we cannot hallow the ground The brave men living and dead
 who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or deduct
 The world will little note nor long remember what we say here but it can never forget
 what they did here It is for us the living rather to be dedicated here to the
 unfinished work that they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced It
 is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us that
 from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they
 gave the last full measure of devotion that we here highly resolve that these
 dead shall not have died in vain that the nation shall be free that these
 shall have a new birth of freedom and that Government of the People by the People
 for the People shall not perish from the earth

Abraham Lincoln

LINCOLN.

This portrait of Abraham Lincoln was drawn by the author in one single, continuous line from centre to circumference, and is considered unique among the rare engravings of the world. It is after the manner of the "Head of Christ" engraved in 1649, by Claude Melan, and which at the time was deemed inimitable.

THE CAPITAL

BY

~TOM FLEMING~

CARTOONIST

Author of "Around the Capital," "Around the Pan," Etc.

**A Book about the
City of Washington
and the Public Men
therof**



VU

**CAPITAL CARTOON SYNDICATE
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**THIS WORK IS INTENDED TO
SUPPLY AN UNCONVENTIONAL PAGE
IN THE HISTORY OF THE NATIONAL
CAPITAL AS IT EXISTS IN THIS DAY
—A RECORD OF MEN AND EVENTS
FROM A NEW ANGLE—A SIDE-LIGHT
WHICH MAY, PERHAPS, HELP TO
DISCLOSE A PHASE OF LIFE OTHER
THAN THAT DEPICTED IN SOMBRE,
DRAB, AND UNEMOTIONAL HISTORY.**

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.. FOREWORD ..

The city of Washington today is vastly different from the Washington of our Daddies. ⊗ And most probably the Capital of tomorrow will be as widely different from that of today. ⊗ Every epoch is more or less replete with peculiar personalities and characteristics which are lost when prosaic history comes to be written, and fortunate indeed is the age possessing satirists and caricaturists skilful enough to seize upon and perpetuate these individual idiosyncracies for the enlightenment of future discerning posterities. ⊗ The value of caricature as a means of accentuating personal peculiarities is well known. ⊗ What a value today would be set upon a caricature of the great Shakespeare by some contemporary artist of his period; and who would not value a Julius Caesar caricature drawn with the grotesque pencil of some skilful artist of his time who had the opportunity of viewing the great Roman as he haughtily strode through the corridors of the Forum in ancient Rome? ⊗ It is an

..FOREWORD..

undeniable fact that we know our public men best by the caricatures made of them. Roosevelt's teeth and eye-glasses will probably never be forgotten. Woodrow Wilson's handsome-homely face in repose is far from unattractive, but when the caricaturist shows the genial smile and the keen, alert eye of the "School-master in politics" then the face takes on an attractiveness somewhat similar in tone to that possessed by the kindly, melancholy and thoughtful visage of Abraham Lincoln.

⊗ *The best caricature is the one which accentuates the better qualities of a personality, and when this is done successfully the result is far more effective than any abusive distortion could possibly be.* ⊗ *If this volume, written as it is, in not too serious a vein and illustrated with caricatures drawn with no unfriendly hand, will partly accomplish for this epoch that which one might wish had been done for bygone days, then this book will achieve the purpose for which it is intended.*

Tom Fleming.



THE GAUGE OF WASHINGTON.

In no land, at no time, ancient or modern, was there ever a man that stood so high in the estimation of his fellow-men as the noble patriot who is affectionately styled the "Father of his Country." As one contemplates the majestic monument; lofty, upright and true in lines which point upward to heaven, the similitude to the character of the great man it is designed to honor, at once becomes strikingly apparent. It is singularly appropriate that the highest monument in the country should be erected to its greatest man.

CHAPTER I.

FAIR WASHINGTON.



THE finest tribute ever paid to any man was that which was rendered to George Washington when a grateful country named its beautiful Capital in his honor—a very pleasing exception to the rule which declares that Republics are ungrateful.

The National Capital is unquestionably destined to become a most beautiful and important city—a veritable queen among the many fine cities of the nation. With all the hauteur and grace of a queen, she is correspondingly arbitrary and contradictory, inasmuch as her social leaders are exclusive and reserved, while her greatest social light, the President, is most democratic.

In the matter of adornment she appears somewhat lax and inconsistent. She has some of the worst specimens of statuary in the country—and some of the best.

With the incoming of a new administration, it is characteristic of her to change her mood



Hon. Lee S. Overman
U. S. Senator, N. C.

THE CAPITAL.



Hon. Fred. E. Lewis
Rep. Pennsylvania



Hon. Milton W. Shreve
Rep. 25th Dis., Penn.

to suit—today a smile for the present incumbency—tomorrow a kiss for its successor.

The glory of Washington seems to pervade the very air you breathe. It inspires all who walk its streets. It inspires the visitor. It inspires the women. Their manner, their carriage shows plainly a consciousness of superiority. They know a little better how to do justice to a fine city than the women of any other capital. There may be something in the thought that the humblest woman in the land may be the mother of a President, in this great land of opportunity—or the wife of one.

It is often a great shock to the new member of Congress, upon his arrival at the Capital to learn of his comparative unimportance. Way back home he was some pumpkins, but the first time he essays to sign his name to the Hotel Register and notes the autographs of Senators, Generals, Admirals and Plenipotentiaries scrawled all over the page, it is calculated to somewhat submerge his ego.

No city can show a sight so exhilarating as that shown in the hotel lobbies after night-fall.



FAIR WASHINGTON.

Groups of Congressmen discussing legislation; individual members conferring with constituents; department heads chatting with subordinates, and above the hum of conversation, the dreamy music from the stringed orchestra lends an air of enchantment to the scene not soon to be forgotten. But there is another aspect to all this; another phase not so exhilarating to the "Lame Duck" who has met defeat at home. As he surveys the scene his heart is heavy with the reflection that his term has only a few more weeks to run, and the place he has grown enamored of, must be yielded up to his successful rival. So far as he is concerned, the orchestra is playing the dreariest dead-march.

The colored race is ubiquitous at the Capital. Colored porters, waiters, barbers, newsboys, letter-carriers, etc., seem to be everywhere. It is quite amusing to note the way in which the colored man is designated by visitors from different sections. The New Yorker calls him a "coon." The Chicagoan refers to him as a "Darkey." The Philadelphian alludes to him as a "Black Man." The New Englander knows



THE CAPITAL.



Hon. Ben Johnson
Rep. 4th Dis., Ky.

him as a "Negro," while the Southron addresses him as "Nigger." Nevertheless, the African is a pleasant and agreeable feature of life if you understand his nature. With his optimistic disposition, his humility and general air of cheerfulness, he would be sadly missed should he ever be eliminated, for he belongs to the Capital just as much as a pinch of salt belongs to a boiled egg.

The Gregorian Calendar is *passee* in Washington. With the initiated, the mystic letters A. D. have a new meaning. Anno Domini has been superceded by what is known as Administration Date. For example, A. D. 1861, means Lincoln Administration; A. D., 1913, Wilson's. If you were on sufficiently intimate terms with an average society belle to inquire into her marital affairs, she would most probably answer your queries as follows: Married in Taft's administration; divorced in Wilson's.

This is a progressive age. We have trained an administration period to act like an epoch. We have crowded more action into a single Presidential term than our precedent-shackled



THE CAPITAL.



Hon. Edwin Chick Burlleigh
U. S. Senator, Maine



ancestry could jam into a decade. The Age of Miracles has come! See the effect of our new birth of freedom! We have compelled Niagara Falls to work for an existence. The dream of Darius Green in his flying machine has been realized into an actuality by the modern aviator. We cross the Atlantic in five days instead of five months. Shakespeare's girdle of the earth will shortly be an everyday "wireless" performance. We record history with phonographs illustrated with moving and talking photographs. Minute microbes which cause plague and pestilence are dragged out into the light by the microscope and annihilated. Monster telescopes enable us to look into the back-yards of the inhabitants of Mars. We've discovered the North and South Poles and in doing so added the name "Cook" to the immortal galaxy of Munchausen. Now try to think of something we can't accomplish, and before the thought has had time to take definite shape, some genius will happen along and announce its accomplishment.

A pessimistic writer in the Atlantic Monthly

FAIR WASHINGTON.

once said: "Washington is the Elysium of oddities, the Limbo of absurdities, an imbroglio of ludicrous anomalies. Planned on a scale of surpassing grandeur, its architectural execution is almost contemptible. It has a monument that will never be finished, a Capitol that lacks a dome, and a Scientific Institute which does nothing but report the rise and fall of the thermometer."

This was written in 1858. What can be written today? The Monument has been completed and the beautiful shaft is the most imposing memorial ever erected to the memory of any man, at any time, and in any country. The Scientific Institute has grown to be one of the greatest of its kind. The Capitol has its Dome, surmounted by the figure of Liberty, which beautifully symbolizes the loftiest attainments of mankind. And the plan of "surpassing grandeur" has already been realized to an extent far in excess of the conceptions of its designers.

To make Washington a model city is now the dream of the patriotically inclined. The



Hon. Joshua W. Alexander
Rep. 3rd Dis., Mo.

THE CAPITAL



Hon. Dick Morgan
Rep. 2nd Dis., Oklahoma



national capital offers a field for the employment of scientific methods of city government, unlike that of any other in this country. Many plans have been submitted to the city which are especially suitable to the District of Columbia. Washington is not a self-governing community. Its taxpayers and other residents have little or nothing to say about the administration of the city's affairs. The most beautiful plans; the most beneficial laws and the most exalted civic features that the counsels of perfection may suggest can be inaugurated without the hindrance of grafting politicians who so often retard the progress of other cities. This should eventually make her the queen of cities—the model for all.

In her relation to the other cities of the Republic, her position is unique. Kansas City may be envious of St. Louis or Chicago; Chicago, Philadelphia or Boston may be jealous of New York, and the big metropolitan city may look with lofty disdain on all other cities; but it may safely be said that there is not a municipality within Uncle Sam's domain which does

FAIR WASHINGTON.

not entertain the kindest feeling toward the beautiful Capital city of the nation and heartily wish it god-speed toward that goal which it is sure to reach in time—the fairest daughter of all of Columbia's family of fair cities.



CHAPTER II

THE PORTAL OF THE CITY.



IN olden times the only entrance to the cities was by way of massive gateways pierced through the protecting walls that encompassed them.

The armored knight surrounded by his cohorts, here stood guard to defend the city against invading foes, to admit the peaceful traveler, or to inspect the merchandise of the visiting merchant from whom he exacted a tariff tax for the benefit of his lord, the Feudal baron who ruled the city.

We have a somewhat similar system in vogue in this Twentieth century. Our cities are entered through magnificent gateways, termed Terminals. They are guarded by handsomely uniformed men who inspect all incoming travelers to ascertain if possible, if they have anything left after escaping the clutches of the Pullman porters.



THE PORTAL OF THE CITY.

In periods of great excitement and confusion, like Inauguration time, these Knights of the Terminal secure great quantities of tribute from travelers, which swell the coffers of their lords, the Feudal barons who own the Railroads.

Exceedingly profitable is this business of carrying the multitudes to Washington. So profitable, in fact, that the two companies that monopolize the business put their heads together and induced Uncle Sam to join them in erecting the magnificent Union Station near the Capitol.

This great terminal is truly of magnificent proportions, being seven hundred and sixty feet long by three hundred and forty feet wide, and was designed by Daniel H. Burnham, who was the architect of Chicago's World's Fair. The inspiration for this great structure is said to have come from his contemplation of the majestic proportions of Trojan's Arch in Rome.

The passenger concourse is the largest room in the world under one roof. Fifty thousand passengers could find room to stand on its floor.



Hon. Arthur O. Rupley
Rep. Pennsylvania



Hon. William J. Fields
Rep. 9th Dist., Ky.

THE CAPITAL.



Hon. Frank O. Smith
Rep. 5th Dist., Md.

There is an overpowering sense of bigness in this concourse when it is first entered and a powerful opera glass is needed to discern the features of a friend or acquaintance standing at an opposite end, so great is the distance.

The architecture of this modern Terminal was designed to harmonize with that of the public buildings in the Capital. With this end in view, a commission of distinguished architects and artists was appointed by the government to visit European cities to examine Terminal buildings. When the plans of Major L'Enfant (the French engineer who planned the city of Washington), were consulted, it was decided to conform to them in the matter of location.



Samuel Rea
Pres. Pa. Railroad

The Pennsylvania Railroad was requested to abandon its station and tracks across the Mall and the Union Terminal for the use of all the lines entering the city, was built facing the plaza which is also faced by the Capitol.

The building and north approach cost thirteen million dollars, quite a tidy sum when we consider what was considered adequate a few

JOSEPH PATRICK TUMULTY.

Like oil upon troubled waters is Tumulty in the tumultuous atmosphere that surrounds the President. Suave, tactful, and diplomatic; with all the graces of a courtier, he is the Chesterfield of the White House. President Wilson's private secretary can say "Yes" or "No" with equal grace. When the dazzling smile of the Emerald Isle is turned on the jobseeker by the urbane Tumulty, he is more pleased than if he had seen the President himself. Joe's motto is—"Smile, ye divil, smile!"



THE CAPITAL.



Hon. Carl E. Mapes
Rep. 5th Dis., Mich.

years ago. Whether one prefers the artistic to the utilitarian is a matter of taste. The economist condemns the magnificence on account of cost. The artist approves the outlay on the ground that they improve the taste of the millions who use them.

Special accommodations for royalty are common in European terminals. The President of the United States is honored in the Union Station by the allotment of a "state suite," including his special room for the use of himself, foreign diplomats, and other high officials, so that they can make entrances and exits without coming in contact with snap-shot photographers and the like. No other terminal in America is similarly equipped.

President Wilson was standing in the terminal with a party of friends one day, when one of the party facetiously remarked that "It was a fine train-shed!"

"Yes, it is," retorted the scholar President, with a twinkle in his eye, "but if I was the architect and anyone called it a train 'shed,' there'd be blood-shed."



THE PORTAL OF THE CITY.

The Union Station is the only one ever designed to meet the requirements of a quadrennial crowd. Its daily business is far below its capacity, but at Inauguration time it is taxed to its full limit.

It is a most exhilarating sight to see these great masses of people ebb and flow through this great structure. In no other like place will you find so many eminent men; men whose faces have been made familiar through the newspapers and periodicals of the day.

As you emerge from the great terminal you begin to realize how grand was the Capital plan conceived by the young French engineer who formulated it at Washington's behest. Directly in front is the beautiful white marble monument erected to Christopher Columbus by the Knights of Columbus. Here the majestic figure of the Genoese navigator seems to stand in silent contemplation of the magnificent outcome of the little expedition of discovery which sailed from Palos in 1492.

Within the line of vision can be discerned the majestic group of public buildings domin-



Hon. John J. Casey
Rep. 11th Dis., Penn.



Hon. Warren Worth Bailey
Rep. 19th Dis., Penn.

THE CAPITAL.



ated by the stately Capitol building, while far in the distance looms the sky-piercing shaft of the Washington monument overtowering all the public structures at the Capital, like some huge prophetic finger pointing upward, as an incentive to the young republic to achieve the high purpose of its founder.



CHAPTER III

THE LIFE OF THE STREETS.



If you wish to know a city intimately, walk its streets. "Let us walk abroad in the fields and forests and study nature," urged a poet to Ben Johnson. "Rather, let us walk along Fleet street and study human nature," replied the sturdy old philosopher and poet.

The National Capital is always thronged with visitors from every clime. Foreign ambassadors, European travellers, emissaries from Asiatic countries, Indian tribes, American sight-seers, Bridal tourists and the like make its streets of kaleidoscopic variety, just the sort to have enchanted the pen of Rare old Ben Johnson.

In no other city will you see so many venerable gray-heads as will be encountered in a survey of its great thoroughfares. It is easily explained however. Young men for action, old men for counsel. The big commercial cities attract the young, the governing city demands the grave and reverend. An additional reason



Hon. Stephen M. Sparkman
Rep. 1st Dis., Florida



Hon. Lincoln Dixon
Rep. 14th Dis., Mich.



THE CAPITAL.



for this apparent preponderance of the elderly might be found in the maxim of the office-holder. "Few die; none resign."

At many of the street corners are to be found large boxes painted a bright red with the lettering TRASH BOX in bright white letters. These receptacles for street litter resemble large mail boxes in shape to such an extent that a tipsy congressman one evening dumped an armful of franked speeches into one of them—a somewhat significant working of the laws of affinities.

Apparently there is little virtue in the old, the time-honored or the venerable. The old hotels and theatres are strangely called "new." The "New" Willard, "New" National, "New" Ebbett are a few of the "new-old"; while the old National theatre is conspicuously signed as "New" National Theatre. How we hate to grow old.

It is not easy for the visiting stranger to get away from Pennsylvania avenue. Its reminis-



THE LIFE OF THE STREETS.

cences hold him fast, although it looks woefully run down at the heel at the present time. One by one the fine establishments that once graced this historic thoroughfare are deserting to more aristocratic avenues. As you leave the Capitol grounds you will encounter nothing but cheap restaurants, dingy souvenir stores, second-hand book-shops and Chinese laundries. A conspicuous sign to be seen in front of an eating place reads:

OUR 3 CENT COFFEE IS THE
TALK OF THE TOWN.

This is evidently the truth—scandalous talk.

A little farther on, a barber shop announces a cut-rate shave, which might be taken to imply that a rate is made after the cut.

As you progress farther up the avenue you will find that its character improves to such an extent that a cup of coffee in the fine hotels will cost you a quarter, and the tonsorial parlors will have no cut rates to offer.

A conspicuous phase of street life at the Capital is the constant recurrence of well known men whose faces have been made fa-



FAIR WASHINGTON.

miliar through the medium of public prints. This leads to a general custom of addressing everyone by some distinctive title. Don't be surprised when your barber calls you "congressman"—he's only looking for an extra tip.

A lady shopping on F Street N. W. happened in a millinery establishment in quest of some millinery. The proprietor blandly proffered the information that a certain very expensive hat he offered for her inspection was the very style needed at a White House reception. So pleased was she at being taken for one of the exalted set that she purchased a \$50.00 millinery creation instead of the \$10 hat she had come to buy.

A large proportion of the population of Washington are Southern bred. This is clearly evidenced in the universal courtesy to be met with in street cars, hotel lobbies and other places of congregation. No lady will be permitted to stand in a trolley car if a Southern gentleman occupies a seat, and courtesy is the rule rather than the exception if the Southron



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occupies an official position which comes in contact with the impatient public.

It would be difficult to find more beautiful types of womanhood than the Southern beauties so often encountered in the social gatherings, both public and private, which abound in the Capital throughout the season. The superior chivalry of the South can possibly be accounted for when we look into the beautiful eyes of these fair daughters from Dixie.



The persistence of the Washington monument in obtruding itself upon the visitor is remarkable. Apparently every time you turn a corner the giant monumental pile looms up before you. Were there not so many other distinguishing monuments, this alone might serve to give distinction to the city, like the Campanile, at Venice, or the leaning tower, at Pisa.

As you ride on the trolley cars you notice that there are no overhead trolley-wires. All are underground, as are also the telegraph, telephone and other wires necessary in electrical transmission. This is equally true of the political wires—they, too, are perfectly invisible—see?

FAIR WASHINGTON.

Moving picture shows are much in evidence along the avenues. A group of Sioux Indians approached the entrance of one of these shows, attracted by the bright lights and glaring posters. The chief of the party noticed a large poster which depicted the exciting scene of an attack by Indians on a stage-couch. The scene evidently brought back reminiscences of former days on the plains. After an earnest pow-wow respecting the merits and demerits of the picture, the big chief dug down into some receptacle concealed within the voluminous folds of his blanket, produced the necessary amount of wampum, purchased tickets, and the entire tribe passed within to witness the wonderful invention of Tom Edison.

The streets are beautifully puzzling to the stranger, who finds it difficult to disentangle "Northwest" from "Southwest"; and the best advice in such a dilemma, when you find yourself irretrievably lost—is to jump on a trolley-car, get back to the Capitol and start all over again.

Washingtonians will tell you that the system



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of dividing the city into four sections of the compass is a beautiful one—when you understand it; but before you acquire this knowledge, and you inadvertently find yourself miles from where you expected to land, simply because you failed to notice the talismanic N. W., S. W., N. E., or S. E., attached to the end of your address, it is small wonder if you explode in wrath and heap anathemas on the man who invented the system.

The negroes in great numbers, are to be met with everywhere throughout the busy thoroughfares, and a picturesque lot they are; usually clad in cast-off raiment, poor and improvident; but lighthearted, happy and good-natured. They frequently indulge in wordy warfare, calling each other "niggers," but rarely coming to blows. The negroes employed in the hotels are, as a class, somewhat better off, and are inclined to dress flashily. But appearances are often deceptive with them. A loudly attired darkey was once asked by a traveller to change a \$10 bill. "'Deed I ain't got no change fo' no ten-spot, Boss," he re-

FAIR WASHINGTON.

plied, "but I thank you fo' de' compliment jes' de same."

On market days, the negro truck-farmers can be seen coming to Centre Market, in every conceivable form of ramshackle vehicle known. They have come from within a radius of many miles to vend their little burden of poultry, eggs, vegetables and an occasional 'possum or two.

Many famous men have come to this famous old market place in person to do their marketing, among the more notable are mentioned the names of Chief Justice Marshall, Daniel Webster and William Henry Harrison—but times have changed since then. Imagine, if you can, Chief Justice White, Oscar Underwood or Senator Elihu Root wandering through the Market looking for bargains in poultry, sampling choice print butter, or poking a forefinger into a sirloin steak to test its tenderness. Orders are given to the market men, through telephones now, and oleomargarine, cold-storage eggs and canned vegetables are delivered in automobiles. Yes, the times have changed.



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

William Jennings Bryan is the Cicero of the Democracy. The old Roman was famed as the silver-tongued orator of the Forum. Bryan is the 16 to 1-silver-tongued orator of the Democratic party. In early life he was known as the "Boy"-orator. Since the Baltimore convention of 1912 he has been termed the "Old-Boy" orator by some more or less disgruntled statesmen who were wounded in that famous engagement. But Bryan being an earnest disciple of the "Prince of Peace" bears no malice. A maxim of the ancients reads, "Speech is Silver, but Silence is Gold." Bryan, however, does not believe in Gold—much preferring Silver at the proper ratio. He is a tried (tried three times) and true Democrat. His motto is, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

FAIR WASHINGTON.

Washington, being situated in a climate below the Mason and Dixon line, the greatest care is not exercised in keeping the street-cars warm in winter time. One day a broad shouldered martial-looking man entered a car and after a while bitterly complained to the conductor that the car was wretchedly cold. After a while he disgustedly left the car. After he had departed, the conductor remarked, "That man always kicks about cold cars—his name is Admiral Peary—he's the man who discovered the North Pole!" You never know who's your next door neighbor in a Washington street-car.

President Wilson is rapidly becoming the most popular chief executive seen in the Washington streets in a generation. His genial manner and cheerful smile endears him to all, from the policeman on the corner, to the store-keeper on the avenue. His figure is familiar to all and he invariably has a pleasant greeting for every one he meets—excepting the office-seeker who has caught him off-guard. He refuses to work overtime. But to the urchin on

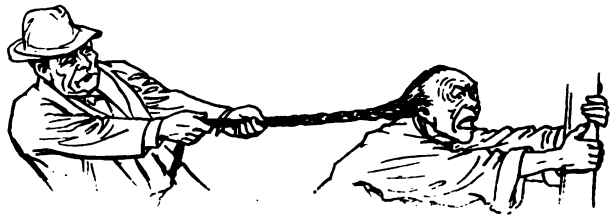


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the street, selling papers he will talk for ten minutes in a teasing way before he will make a purchase and then, when the youngster notes the silver quarter he has received for a paper, his eyes show no end of wonderment as he scampers off to tell his chums of his good fortune.



One day the President unwittingly violated a street-traffic regulation of the Capital which decrees that a street must not be crossed except at the corners. Upon being taken to task by a smiling policeman, he instantly retraced his steps and recrossed at the proper place. As he repassed the minion of the law he jocosely retorted, "Now I've obeyed your dratted law!" and the President and the policeman laughed heartily in unison.



CHAPTER II

CUPID'S MECCA.



IT is safe to say there are over one hundred thousand newly-weds who come to Washington on their wedding-tours in the course of the year.

With the coming of spring, comes the birds, the buds, the blossoms and with them the newly-wed birdies, the fairest of all. And not only in the spring time do they come, but when the snow flies and the evenings are long there is rarely a reception, or social function of any kind that is not graced and enlivened by their presence.

If on any bright day you do not encounter, about the Capital or White House grounds, scores of couples who plainly demonstrate the fact that they are just married, then you have had an unusual experience in Washington.

It is a most perplexing question to Congressmen as to the proper sort of hospitality to extend to these newly-weds. They usually come equipped with letters of introduction from friends at home to their member in Congress, and he is often at his wits ends to devise ways



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in which he can be of service to them without entailing too great a sacrifice of his valuable time. He usually squares himself by providing them with cards of admission to the Congressional gallery, and an itinerary of the places of interest to be seen in Washington. But the wisest course, and the most satisfactory to all concerned is;—let them entertain themselves.

One pleasant afternoon in June there appeared at the entrance to the rotunda of the Capitol, a young couple so engrossed in each other that they scarcely knew the name of the big building they had just entered. As they wandered aimlessly about they attracted the attention of the important functionary who apparently has dominion over the whole floor beneath the dome.

"There, Billy!" he said with a knowing wink to his assistant, "Run them through in half an hour!" Then approaching the bashful couple he assumed a fatherly air as he described briefly the wonders of the historic building. Without waiting for a response from the bewildered couple, he signalled "Billy" to ap-



CUPID'S MECCA.

proach. "Make it a dollar for them," he commanded, and Billy conducted them away.

It was considerable over an hour before Billy returned with his charge. They paused at every painting, not so much to admire its attractive features, as to admire each other's attractive features. Every statue served as an excuse to stop and hold each others hands, while they listened to Billy's rapid-fire answers to their questions.

Billy was in despair. Cut the trip as short as he would, he could not make the time he anticipated and when he at length reappeared at the rotunda his chief met him with a look of sheer disgust that sorely wounded his pride in his profession.

The explanation he vouchsafed to his chief, while it did little to assuage his displeasure at the tardiness of the trip, was nevertheless naive. "Why," he exclaimed, "when I got them to statuary hall and pointed to the round spot on the tiled floor, and said, 'Here's where John Quincy Adams fell,' blow me if the bride



SENATOR JAMES A. O'GORMAN.

Senator O'Gorman has constructed a beautiful model of New Democracy. It will be noticed that there is no Party Graftism or Predatory Politics in its makeup. Jeffersonian simplicity has been skillfully blended with Wilsonian aggressivenesss, and the result is a model for all true Democrats. His motto is—"A Clause in the Constitution is no bar to the Tiger's Claws."

THE
MODELER



Tom Fleming
1913

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of a recourse to the club or hammer, or any weapon within her grasp that will enable her to reach her ballot-box;—or gaol.



As for man, he had best submit gracefully, for Woman, when she won't, she won't; but when she will, (vote) she will, depend on't.

When the Suffragists last invaled Congress one of their number addressed a mottly group on the Capitol steps. She was middle-aged and somewhat the worse for wear. Her costume was severe black, which sharply accentuated her lean figure, but what she lacked in physical attractiveness was more than counterbalanced by an earnestness of manner that compelled attention if it did not completely command admiration. Her address was very much to the point and was applauded again and again as she delivered her keen thrusts at "mere man."



"I am here in Washington fer th' purpus uv discussen the rights of wimmen and cussen the men. Th' sexes was created equal with us wimmen more equal than th' men. To my mind this world would be better off without the men. They're a nuisance anyhow, an' I'm glad my



CUPID'S MECCA.

mother was a woman. Nearly all us wimmen maintain the principles of our croosade besides maintainen shiftless husbands as well. The Bible sez we wimmen wuz created out of a rib from man—well all I've got to say is that rib wuz the best thing ever taken from man. The reason woman is better than man is because man wuz made first and first attempts are always failures. What we want is the ballot; we're bound to hev it even if we hev to beat the idee into them Congressmen's heads with rolling-pins." Her speech came to an abrupt end when the moving picture man completed his film. She was a made-up suffragist enacting a scene on the Capitol steps for a moving picture company.



*Senator
Marcus A.
Smith
Arizona.*

CHAPTER III

CONGRESS.



THE American Congress is unique among the Parliaments of the world. Its problems are those of a newly conditioned system of government—which will in time surely show how absurd are those forms of hereditary government which still remain in force in some of the older countries.



Hon. Henry M. Goldfogle,
Rep. 9th Dis., N. Y.

In the matter of parliamentary methods, the American Congress compares favorably with any of those of Europe.

In the British Parliament,—that mother of parliaments,—members are not any too fastidious about their methods of parliamentary procedure during the sessions. Frequently they are to be seen lounging about with hats on, and with feet on benches in the most unseemly attitudes.

Periodically they yield to violent spasms of anger, in which books and other missiles are hurled across the chamber in wild profusion and all dignity is cast to the winds.

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The French Chamber of Deputies is often a scene of riot; and when the Socialists break out of bounds in the German Reichstag, pandemonium prevails.

In contrast with these European parliaments the American Congress gauges very favorably. Occasionally our law-makers will boil over, however—just to vary the monotony of making laws. A representative from the Palmetto state sometimes gets heated up over a chance remark by a New Englander respecting the propriety of hanging a “Nigger” without the formality of a trial by a jury of his superiors, and then the air is surcharged with electricity for a while. But not for long. Soon they will be seen hobnobbing like brothers in the discussion of some bill they are both interested in.

As the House of Representatives holds the purse strings of the nation, the appropriation bills are the principal bones of contention, and the member who is successful in securing a liberal allotment for his district is pretty sure to be returned for the next term. It was shortly after the cessation of the Civil War that a



Hon. Luther W. Mott,
Rep. 32nd Dis., N. Y.



Hon. Joe J. Russell,
Rep. 14th Dis., Mo.

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Confederate Brigadier in Congress in loudly acclaiming his complete reconstruction, exclaimed "I'm for the old flag and—an appropriation." This was quite in line with the general sentiment, however—Patriotism and Patrimony—with the accent on "money."

Although there are scores of alert newspaper correspondents in the Press gallery to report any and every speech delivered on the floor, still Congress finds it expedient to conduct its own journal,—“The Congressional Record.” The reason is obvious. A speech reported by a non-critical hand, suitably punctuated with “laughter” and “applause” makes a vastly more creditable appearance than it would were it subjected to the merciless blue pencils of those unfeeling and unsympathetic editors who so often fail miserably to appreciate at their true worth the splendid oratorical achievements of the doughty disciples of Demosthenes who frequently address the “House.” z



“The Congressional Record” is the new member's best friend. If the older members persistently treat him with disdain and desert

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the chamber in droves every time he essays to speak, the "Record" will faithfully report every word of his peroration—and in quite as large type as that employed in recording the speeches of the more seasoned.

There are many anomalous features pertaining to the House of Representatives. For instance, there are no cloaks to be seen in the cloak room. The Speaker never speaks; and a maiden speech is not delivered by a maiden—or at least will not be until female suffrage becomes an assured fact.

It will be a distinct pleasure to be a congressman when the women arrive as members. No more lonely evenings, lounging about Hotel lobbies and Billiard rooms. When the romantically inclined young congressman from New York notes the attractive features of the blonde beauty who represents her native state of California, the impulse to ingratiate himself in her good graces by extending Theatre and Concert invitations will be quite irresistible; and it will matter but little if their political interests clash between Progressiveism and old-





SENATOR JOHN WORTH KERN.

To say that the eminent, proficient and worthy Hoosier statesman would be worthless without his middle name would be exceedingly unfair, to say the least. The Ancient Greeks were adepts in the art of throwing the Discus, but if they could have foreseen how U. S. Senate floor-leader Kern throws the Discus—which is short for discussion) they would have turned green with envy: His motto is—"Leaders are born—in Indiana."

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partyism, for it will be found that little Dan Cupid is as potent in the House of Representatives as elsewhere—if the conditions are right.

Of course, lady members will wear their hats in the coming chamber, and the member trying to catch the Speaker's eye—or ear, with a big hat bobbing up and down in front of him, will probably use the most unparliamentary language in doing so.

Many a proud mother-member will bring her baby into the Congressional arena in the coming days of female suffrage; and then fancy some crusty old bachelor member growling a protest. "If the member from Kansas will only keep her baby quiet for a few minutes we may be able to hear the speech now being made."

Then watch that Kansas mother turn her back on the discourteous member; give her baby a little pinch to make it cry the louder, and haughtily resume her reading—after the usual style of mothers.

But when the women elect a Speaker, then will come an innovation in parliamentary usage



Hon. Sam'l W. Smith,
Rep. 6th Dis., Mich.



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worth noting. The following will probably suffice as a sample:

"Mistress Speaker?"

"The lady from Illinois has the floor."

"Mistress Speaker, I rise at the request of several of my lady colleagues to ask if the Chair will kindly inform the House where patterns of the lovely gown she is now wearing can be obtained?" Congress will most certainly take on a most interesting atmosphere when lovely woman gets a vote.

Now that the Congressional chamber is arranged in benches, the Press Galley is a most advantageous place from which to study the personnel of the House. The chamber now looks like the British House of Commons, with the exception that they look better-mannered, for they leave their hats in the cloak-room before they enter the chamber.

The session has not yet begun. Members are arriving in groups, chatting noisily. Pages are darting hither and thither in the aisles. The new arrangement of benches makes writing impossible, but it induces free consultation

Robert Lee Henry M.C.
The Texas Giant.



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among the members, and this probably makes amends. The Congressmen as a rule do not like the new arrangement and some have contemptuously alluded to the new House as the "Congressional Bench-show."

A few members are in their seats busily engaged in conversation with colleagues, while others are eagerly scanning newspapers from home, perhaps in the hope that their legislative derelictions are overlooked by the hawk-eyed editor who conducts the leading paper in their home town. In the centre of the chamber sits a stockily built man with snow-white hair and ruddy complexion. He is evidently popular for he is surrounded by a group laughing and chatting pleasantly with him. As he turns his face around he is recognized as the author of the famous Tariff Bill which bears his name—Sereno Payne, of New York. The members are now coming in rapidly as the hour of opening approaches. The aisles are soon crowded so as to be almost impassable.

Representative Edward W. Townsend is regaling his friends with some of his humor



"No more
Chimmie
Fadden
business!
I'm
CONGRESSMAN
TOWNSEND!
OF
New Jersey
NOW"



Hon. Wm. S. Vare,
Rep. 1st Dis., Pa.



Senator
from
Vermont
W.P. Dillingham.

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stories and his efforts are rewarded by salvos of hearty laughter. Some dozen years ago he was famous as the author of "Chimmie Fadden." Just back of him stands his colleague, Walter I. McCoy, who believes the Tariff to be a colloquial issue—hence he is always talking about it. An immaculately dressed man enters the chamber from one of the cloak rooms and is immediately surrounded by friends eager to shake his hand. His rotund face is wreathed in smiles. Everyone present recognizes him as Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama, the Democratic floor leader. In addition to his many admirable qualities, he has the reputation of being the best dressed member of the House. Eugene Kinkead is earnestly discussing New Jersey matters with his intimate friend, James Hamill, who secured Jersey City's new Post Office building, during his last term. Jersey City in grateful remembrance thereof sent him back to Congress for another term.

Down the centre aisle comes a member with both hands filled with documents. He is evidently popular as he pauses frequently to

WILLIAM F. McCOMBS.

William Warwick McCombs is the revised name of the young man who is conceded to be the Warwick of the present administration. While pursuing his studies at Princeton University he read of the exploits of one Warwick who figured in early English history as somewhat of a King-maker. Thus he imbibed an ambition to excel in this line and he determined to go into the monarch-making business himself. Kings having gone out of style, he turned his attention to the more up-to-date article. With what result—ask Clark, or Teddy. It will be noticed that he stands very close to the President's chair as a reward for helping to fill it. The Democratic Party has a very able chairman. His motto is—"Hitch your auto to a star if you wish to be in the spot-light."



Warwick
McCombs

Tom Fleming
:1813:

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answer salutations from fellow members. He's addressed as "Bob" by all who salute him. This is Robert E. Bremner, of New Jersey, one of the best writers on the floor, who is serving his first term in Congress, and who is already one of its most popular members.

How strange are the uses of adversity. Republican Leader Mann is conferring with one of his floor lieutenants. The jaunty air which pervaded the Republican ranks when Joe Cannon was in the chair is gone. Adversity has taught them humility to such an extent that old war horses like Dalzell and Cannon no longer prance and cavort in the chamber. The "Bull Moose" created sad havoc in Congress, and as a consequence, the "Hee! Haw!" of the Donkey is heard reverberating and echoing throughout the land.

Rap! Rap! Rap!—All eyes are turned toward the Speaker's desk. Champ Clark's fine old Roman face is seen scanning the House. What an exhilarating sight is here presented. The best men in the country are assembled to make laws for the guidance of the Republic—with a



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capital R. Their faces plainly show the ability that is within them. These men are not here to make money. There are no fortunes to be picked up in Congress. Men of mediocre ability often make big fortunes in mercantile life, but in the Congressional arena, mediocrity drops to the bottom and is submerged. Plainly, the best brains of the country are not money-mad.

The Chaplain has just concluded his invocation and the Horse is astir. Appeals for the floor are heard on every side. To the casual visitor in the gallery the recognition of a member by the Speaker is a queer performance. A member may be standing right in the centre of the chamber calling for recognition in the loudest tones, while the Speaker, looking over his head, designates a member far in the rear as being entitled to the floor.

A pugnacious member is creating quite a commotion on the floor in an angry argument with a fellow member who is trying to make a set speech. The Speaker is trying to bring him to order. Bang! Bang! goes his gavel—



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Hon. Charles A. Lindberg,
Rep. 6th Dis., Minn.

there is a crash—Speaker Clark has broken another sounding board with his gavel—the third this session.

Oratory is of secondary importance in modern legislative halls. The member who has the ability to write a good speech for which “leave to print” has been obtained can reach a far greater audience through the medium of the Public Press than could possibly be attained by an address delivered on the floor.

L. P. PADGETT, M.C.
Tenn.



A member from Arizona is addressing the House on his Immigration Bill. He is citing statistics by the yard. Nobody pays the least attention to him, in fact, he is especially ignored. Dry figures evidently make his hearers thirsty, for there is a general exodus to the restaurant.

The wealthiest member is probably Jefferson M. Levy, the millionaire real estate operator of New York City, who owns Monticello, the old home of Thomas Jefferson. The poorest member is the one who finds it impossible to make ends meet on the \$7,500 salary so generously supplied by Uncle Sam.

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In addition to their salaries, members are allowed \$125 for stationery, which those impecuniously inclined, draw down in cash on the opening day of the session and then trust to luck and fortunate committee assignments which will serve to supply them with the free committee stationery necessary during the meeting.

A recent investigation by Representative Willis of Ohio disclosed the interesting fact that among the articles furnished to members at government expense are powder puffs, music rolls, vanity bags, side combs, reticules, etc. Hurry up girls! Hurry with your suffrage plans—Congress is ready for you.

These are but small side lights, however. The main illuminating feature of this splendid law-making body is the fact that it is successfully guiding the ship of state on its true course and a few "pork barrels" more or less will not deflect her to any appreciable extent.



Hon. Eugene E. Reed,
Rep. 1st Dis., N. H.



Hon. Halvor Steenerson,
Rep. 9th Dis., Minn.

CHAPTER IV

THE SENATE.



THE United States Senate is the most sedate and dignified body of its kind in the world.

In some respects, however, this matter of dignity is rather overdone, somewhat like the righteous man who walked so upright that he leaned back.

Just take a peep into the Senate Chamber. Note the slow, measured tread of the Senators as they enter. Totally oblivious of the presence of crowded galleries; thoroughly wrapped up in their own importance, they move about the chamber in stately dignity and in perfect harmony with the aristocratic traditions which have enveloped the dignified Senate ever since its first session.

But, dear reader, don't be misled. The worthy and honorable Senators don't mean it. Their dignity is only assumed for the occasion. It's part of the play. When they are off the stage, as it were, they become the most approachable and democratic statesmen imaginable.

Sen. J.W. Smith,
The sweet singer
of
Mary-
land



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Step out into the corridor, and into the ante-rooms of the chamber and note the hearty and unreserved manner in which senatorial dignity unbends when the Senator greets his agricultural friends from the prairies. How he beams and smiles with all the unctuousness of the politician. There is no mistaking the fervent handshake and the caressing hand placed upon the shoulder of his visitor. It goes far to explain why he is a Senator. The ability to become democratic on occasion is a great asset in political life.

A glance over the Senate chamber will show that the average of age is much greater than in the House. Gray heads predominate. Gray, grave and reverend is the tone; like that which prevailed in the Venetian Senate before which the dusky Othello pleaded.

It is fully an hour before the Senate convenes, but some of the Senators are at their desks, busy with mail and personal correspondence. The galleries are well filled with strangers who eagerly watch for the entrance of well known men into the chamber. When a Senator



*Senator
Miles
Poindexter,
High brow
from
Washington.*



Beau
Drummet
of the
Senate

SENATOR JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS.

The suave, graceful, polished, and courtly manners of the junior Senator from Illinois have earned for him the enviable title of "Beau Brummel of the Senate." Senator Lewis, however, needs not the reflected light of the old London Beau to shine at Washington. His motto is—"Manners make a man;—Senator sometimes."

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enters whose face is familiar through the medium of the public prints, a buzz of recognition is audible throughout the galleries and if, perchance he should be a popular man, they would likely greet him with applause—did the rules permit—for be it understood that visitors in the galleries view the proceedings below somewhat after the manner of the gallery-gods at the melodrama who cheer the hero and hiss the villain.

The most punctual to arrive is the blind Senator from Oklahoma, Senator Gore. He is led to his seat by a page who carefully adjusts his papers on the desk before him just the same as though he was not unfortunately bereft of his sight. Senator Perkins of California is another unfortunate who requires the assistance of a page to reach his seat. Although badly crippled by paralysis he is a keen, alert participant in the proceedings.

Quite a commotion is occasioned by the entrance of a group led by Senator Martine. The Senator is the personification of senatorial courtesy. He enters with his arm about the



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neck of his colleague "Billy" as he endearingly terms Senator Hughes. John Sharp Williams and John W. Kern are in the group engaged in a pleasant conversation for they continually laugh as they talk.

Senators Lodge and Root enter from the opposite side and repair to their seats which are close together. In a few minutes they are engrossed in a most earnest consultation. It is evidently of an important nature for they seem totally oblivious to their surroundings, and frequently consult papers which lie in profusion on Senator Root's desk.

The chamber is filling up rapidly now for the time for opening the session is near. Senator Hoke Smith has just reached his seat accompanied by white-haired Senator Martin who has stopped for a minute to say a few words.

A thick set man with a large head and strongly marked features makes his way to a seat in the centre of the chamber. He is respectfully saluted by his fellow Senators as he passed along the aisle and there is scarcely a

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visitor in the gallery who does not recognize him as Senator O'Gorman from the Empire State.

There is quite a hum of conversation on the floor when the sharp rap of the presiding officer's gavel calls the senate to order and instantly there is quiet as the Chaplain proceeds to intone his invocation.

The session opens with the chair, granting permission to the Senator from Massachusetts to address the senate. Senator Lodge speaks in a resonant voice, enunciating his syllables distinctly and easily making himself heard throughout the chamber. He is delivering an argument for the right to bring a bill before the Senate for immediate action.

Democratic Floor-leader Kern protests against his contention on the ground that the consideration of the bill should be deferred on the plea of there being more important bills demanding consideration. And so it goes for hour after hour.

Most of the gallery visitors (who have come for entertainment) slink out when the debate

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takes on a technical turn. But they should have waited. Senator Lodge has asked the senate to appropriate five hundred dollars to defray the expense of having a plate placed on each desk, on which has been engraved the names of all the occupants, past and present. This has moved Senator Martine to oratory. "I have tried to picture in mind," begins Mr. Martine, "the profound interest future generations will take in reading the marvellous history of this great country—the bloody contest for liberty. They will read of the splendid bravery of Mad Anthony Wayne, they will be able to fairly hear the clarion voice of Commodore Perry crying 'Don't give up the ship!' (Historical mistakes don't bother the Senator). Great as are the subjects I have cited," he continued, "how weak and paltry they will seem in comparison to the thrill that will come to the future reader of history when he comes to the chapter, 'History of the Desks and Cuspidors of the Senate of the United States.'"

"But seriously," he concluded, "with bread and butter so high in cost to the toiler and bread

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winner, I must vote No to the bill proposed by the distinguished and cultivated Senator from Massachusetts." As the Senator resumed his seat his eyes caught the pleased faces of those in the galleries, for they had come to be amused and the Senator's speech was very amusing.

But the real fun in the Senate chamber is to be witnessed when filibustering tactics are resorted to for the purpose of killing an obnoxious bit of legislation. At the close of President Taft's administration the Republicans wished to confirm a lot of his belated appointments. The Democrats resolved to thwart this action by filibustering methods. Senator John Sharp Williams spoke for nearly two hours on the development of aeronautics in the United States. He was supposed to be addressing himself to a motion made by a Republican Senator regarding the appointments.

After tiring with his efforts on the aeroplane speech he turned from flying machines to light fiction. He inquired of Senator Lodge, who seemed worried and fretful, how many Senators he thought had really read Dickens.



LINDLEY M. GARRISON.

What could be more appropriate than a Garrison in the War Department? Since Garrison has assumed the role of Mars his mien has been very warlike. His middle name is Mars. His war-dog is at his side, ready to leap across the Rio Grande for a fight, or a frolic. His motto is—"The best watch-dog is the war-dog."

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He then pleasantly remarked that he intended opening a school for the instruction of his colleagues respecting the merits of Nicholas Nickleby, David Copperfield and Pickwick.

The Republicans' disgust deepened when Senator Hoke Smith appeared with a colored man carrying a huge clothes basket filled with Government documents, novels, and various other books and periodicals. As the Senator rose in his seat to relieve Senator Williams, the Democrats smiled broadly as he coolly proceeded to read from a document devoted to the diseases of horses. After exhausting this subject he reached down into the big basket and brought forth a work on "The Epicurean delight of eating locusts and gophers." In rapid succession he read from the "Bible," "Hoyle on Whist," and some very choice recipes for compounding mixed drinks, which finally drove half of the Senate into the Restaurant.

There are some very brilliant orators in the Senate, but oratory is going out of fashion. The most effective legislative work is done by men who never make speeches. It is in the



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committee rooms that the great legislative battles are fought—and there is never a set speech delivered in the committee room.

The rule of seniority is the bane of the Senate. Under this system a small coterie of Senators controls the composition of the committees. Under this system, no matter how prominent a man may have been in his profession, when he comes to the Senate he is assigned to inferior places on committees.

Elihu Root, coming to the Senate after having been Secretary of State and Secretary of War, was placed at the bottom of the Republican membership of the Judiciary Committee and low down on the Committee on Foreign Relations.

Justice O'Gorman, resigning a place from the highest court in New York, came to the Senate with a legal reputation of the first order. He was placed at the bottom of the Judiciary Committee, below men far below him in legal ability and distinction.

There is a light dawning in the Senate chamber, however. This rule of seniority is to



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be relegated to the waste-basket by the Progressives now in power and "the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes" will soon be a thing of the past, so far as Senatorial committees are concerned.

When a change of party comes over the Senate some curious developments ensue. The party in the majority always consigns all the best committee rooms to its members; the minority having to get along as best it can in the little obscure, out-of-the-way rooms devoted to small committees. When the Democrats came into power Senator Warren was compelled to relinquish three magnificent rooms on the ground floor which have been occupied by the Committee on Appropriations. These were assigned to Senator Tillman who moved out of a little room in the rear of the Senate document room where he has hibernated for many years, the only guidance to his hiding place having been the sign, "Five Civilized Tribes," which indicated to the public the name of a committee that has never held a meeting. The transformation of the minority "caterpillar" to the ma-

Sen. H. F. Lippitt,
The political—
Colossus of Rhode Island



THE CAPITAL

jority "butterfly" is a most amusing process—to the "butterflies."

There are at the present time seventy-one standing committees, of which approximately twenty are so called minority committees, the chairmanship of which is accorded to the minority, but a majority of whose members are of the majority party. These committees, however, are of absolutely no importance so far as shaping either legislative policy or enactment is concerned.

About fifteen committees control the affairs of legislation. These committees are Agriculture, Appropriations, Commerce, Finance, Foreign Relations, Immigration, Indian Affairs, Interoceanic Canals, Interstate Commerce, Judiciary, Military Affairs, Naval Affairs, Postoffices and Post Roads, Public Buildings and Public Lands.

It is in these committee rooms that the real work of the senate is done. Here the "silent" men on the floor are found to be most efficacious. Men who are seldom heard in the chamber will be found busy consulting law books, pre-

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paring bills and making researches in voluminous government reports to secure necessary data on which to frame legislation. These are the real masters of the Senate—the men who are returned term after term by their constituencies who know by results how valuable are their services.

The Senate abounds with men of great legal ability and were a commercial valuation to be placed upon their services to the country the sum represented would be very large. For instance, Senator Root, one of the greatest lawyers who ever sat in a Senate chair, could command ten-fold what Uncle Sam pays him, from any corporation that was fortunate enough to obtain his services.

Senator O'Gorman, an eminent jurist from the Supreme Court bench of New York, would most probably scorn the year's salary as Senator as a retainer for a single month's legal services for any client who sought his legal aid in a private case. Senator Borah is also a legal light whose services are of the highest monetary value; in fact the senate teems with men of





SENATORIAL FLOWERS.

The flowers that bloom in the Senate are of high degree. There is that stately exotic, the "Bristowa," vulgarly known as the Kansas sunflower; the "Jonesia Washingtonia," otherwise the Water-wagon Lilly, a plant that thrives on water alone; the "Weeksia," a fine variety of Massachusetts Tea Party rose, and the "Shafrothia," a newly transplanted Daisy from Colorado which promises much. With such a redundancy of fragrant flowers is it at all remarkable that the Senate chamber is constantly blossoming out in flowery eloquence?

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high money value who serve Uncle Sam for the honor of the service.

The quality of the service rendered by the senate magnates is vividly shown by the passage of the \$180,000,000 annual pension bill of 1913 in twenty-five minutes, and with less than fifteen minutes' debate. This was the largest annual pension measure in the history of the Government and required months of patient research and careful consideration in committee rooms before its passage.

The aggressive position President Wilson has assumed in the conduct of foreign affairs has raised the interesting question whether he will fare as Washington did when he used his prerogative to discuss legislative questions behind closed doors. Washington informed the Senate on August 21, 1789, that on the next day he would meet to advise with them concerning an Indian Treaty.

When he left the chamber, he muttered to a member of his Cabinet:

"I've been to the Senate, and I'll be d—— if ever I go there again."



CHAPTER V

SIDELIGHTS ON CONGRESS.



HE "big stick" of the House of Representatives is called the Great Mace. This time-honored emblem of authority is composed of thirteen rods of ebony, bound with bands of silver, and surmounted by a finely engraved map of the world on a silver globe. On top rests a silver eagle with wings outstretched, in true spread-eagle fashion.

The mace is really a war-club, modelled after the favorite weapon used in the Middle Ages by the ecclesiastics. Forbidden by law to carry swords they got around the law by using stout, heavy clubs against their armored opponents. So Congress, the representative body of the people, adopted the people's weapon as a big stick to preserve order and maintain discipline.

When refractory members show signs of resorting to prize-ring tactics the Speaker calls on the sergeant-at-arms to "show the mace." This generally awes the belligerents into a semblance of order.



SIDE LIGHTS ON CONGRESS.

When a member becomes too unruly he is brought before the bar of the House and reprimanded severely by the Speaker who addresses him by name. This is the only time a member is ever "named," and it is considered a distinctive humiliation.

The representative in session is always designated by the Speaker as "the member" from his respective district; never by name—if he behaves himself.

A member is never held accountable for anything he may say on the floor of the House. Sometimes the most acrimonious things are said in the heat of debate. In the early days of Congress, duels followed the hot words. John Randolph fought a duel with Henry Clay as a result of a wordy war on the floor. But modern ideas of the ethics of debate will not tolerate duels. Public sentiment has abolished any kind of reprisal for Congressional utterances. No libel suit can be instituted for anything said in open debate, and the principle has been established that there must be the utmost



Wm. H. Hinebaugh M.C.
The Illinois Butterfly.



CLAY.

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freedom of debate, with perfect immunity in the free exercise of speech in Congress.

Secret sessions are unknown in the House. From no session is the public debarred from witnessing and hearing all that goes on in the Senate, the House never goes into executive session. The galleries are never cleared, and the doors are never closed, that grave and reverend lawmakers may discuss matters that would perhaps not look well in print. At all events, this is the interpretation put upon the dignified Senate's action when the dear public is thrown out of the galleries every time an executive session is called.

The proceedings on the floor of the House are in marked contrast to those of the Senate. There is a scene of constant activity in the popular branch and a persistent sound of subdued voices, like the hum of a very busy beehive. The proprieties of debate are not so much respected as in the Senate. The House of Representatives is nearer to the people—hence it is called the popular branch.

SIDE LIGHTS ON CONGRESS.

When a member rises to deliver a speech of the spread-eagle sort he is said to be talking for buncombe. The origin of this phrase is as follows: A Congressman from Buncombe County, North Carolina, in ante-bellum days, undertook to deliver a long and tedious speech about a matter that did not interest the House to any great extent. He was called to order by another member on the ground that the speech was not pertinent to the occasion. This was frankly admitted by the North Carolinian, who retorted that he was not talking for the members present, but was talking for Buncombe County, North Carolina.

The phrase was taken up by an alert reporter present and sent to his paper. It instantly became famous and was at once incorporated into the language of debate. There is never a session now in which talking for buncombe does not figure to a considerable extent.

There is a law of Congress that decrees that members who absent themselves from the sessions are to receive no pay for the time absent, but this law is practically null and void. When

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the urgency demands, the Speaker issues warrants for the arrest of the absentees. When the deputy sergeants-at-arms bring in these recalcitrant members the excuses offered are amusing in the extreme. One will declare that an intimate friend is in serious illness and sorely in need of the ministrations of a friend. He is much embarrassed, however, by a keen witted member who blandly asks what the limit of the little game was.

Another will plead that his clock ran down and he was not aware of the lateness of the hour. The fact that he is in evening dress, with a flower in his buttonhole will be commented upon by an audaciously impertinent fellow-member to his confusion and discomfiture.

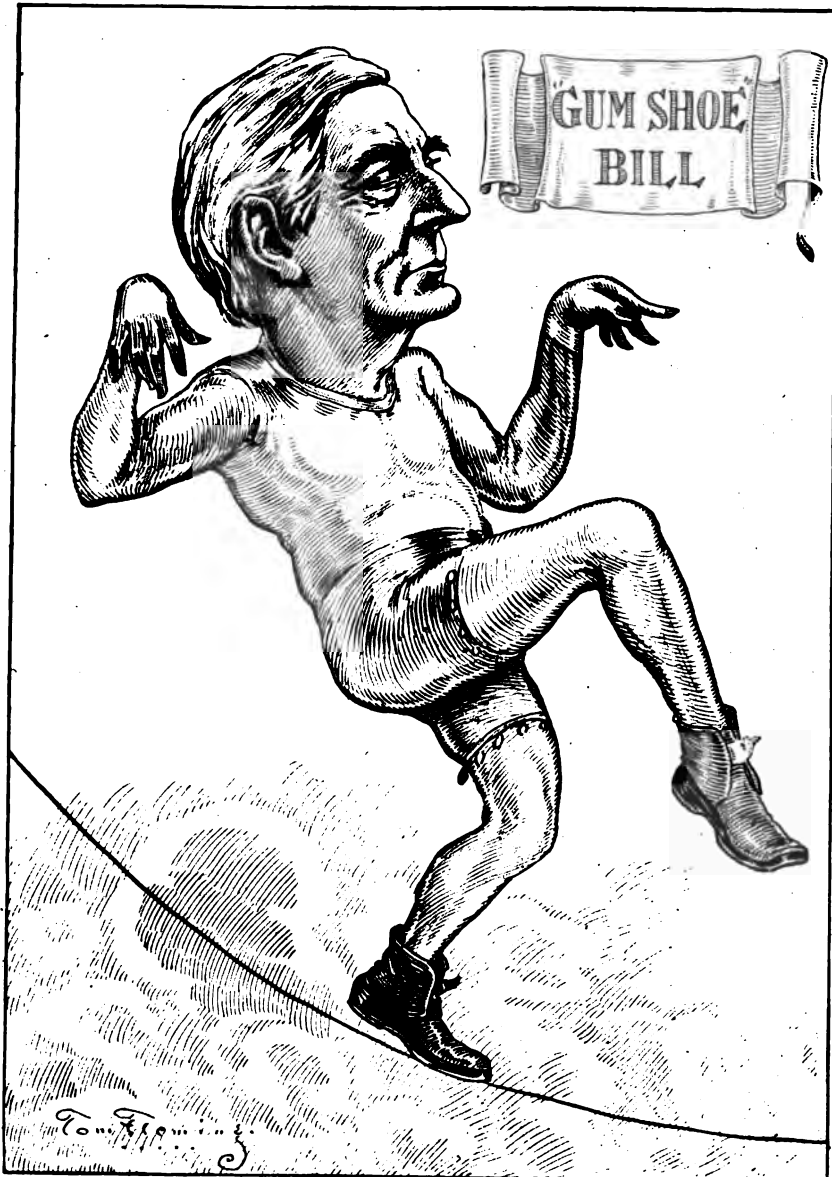
During President Grant's administration, a newly appointed Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms, exultant over his important post, wrote to a friend in Texas that "He was a bigger man than old Grant." In some manner the letter became public and he was the laughing stock of the whole country for months after.

On another occasion, Tom Watson, the fiery

SENATOR WILLIAM STONE.

Favorites of fortune are said to have been born with gold spoons in their mouths. The famous Missouri Senator was born with gum shoes on his feet; hence the sobriquet, "Gum shoe Bill." The direct result of this gum shoe inheritance is quite obvious; his pedal extremities are always warm. He never gets cold feet. This equipment of foot-gear also enables him to maintain a perfect equipoise on the political wire which leads from Missouri to the Capital at Washington, and paradoxically it may be said that the Gum shoe statesman is the "big noise" in the "Houn' dog" State. His motto is—"Step lightly, there's crape on the door of mine enemy."

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Georgian, during a debate in which he had lost the track of the discussion, shrilly shouted: "Mr. Speaker, where are we at?"

"Tim" Campbell, a well-known Congressman from New York, during Cleveland's administration, took a somewhat naive view of the status of a statesman at the Capital when he exclaimed, "What's the Constitution, between friends?"

Some of the members of the House are very quick witted. "Bob" Brenner, of New Jersey, is the editor of a newspaper at home and like all newspaper men, is never at a loss for a word in debate. If a member, in the course of a speech, hesitates for a proper word, like a flash it is instantly supplied by "Bob," if he chances to be in the vicinity.

It is this bon hommie among members that makes membership of Congress so pleasant and frequently results in life-long friendships.

Congress is the sole judge of the fitness of its members. This, however, admits of great latitude in the admission of some men to seats in the chamber. In the Sixty-second Congress

Wm. C. Adamson M.C. - Ga.

Steel-car Champion.

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there sat a man who had served a term in prison for murder; and John Morrissey, a famous prize-fighter, represented a New York district at one time—but he was said to have made a good member.

"Tim" Sullivan confidently declared that he would represent his Bowery District in Congress better than Dan Webster could—and he did, if looking after the wants of his constituents constituted the best way to represent a district.

Often a man will be elected to Congress who has "too many irons in the fire"—too many business enterprises to look after to give requisite time and attention to the duties incumbent upon membership in the House of Representatives. Such a man was William R. Hearst, who seldom occupied his seat, owing to the many calls upon his time by his multifarious business demands.

It is said that a journalist cannot be a successful Congressman. The abler the journalist the more pronounced the failure. Although lawyers are in the majority, and complaint has





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often been made that there are too many of them, yet it is only reasonable to expect that a law will be best made by lawyers.

The House of Representatives ought to be the most effective forum, the most earnestly sought theatre of opportunity in this country, but such appears not to be the case. The majority of members look forward to the day when they can, by some lucky turn of the political wheel of fortune, enter the more decorous and distinguished body at the other end of the Capitol. It used to be otherwise. Henry Clay left the Senate to become a member of the House because he considered it a more advantageous position of influence. We have reversed the tendency in the British Parliament. The House of Lords has been steadily declining in influence for the past century, while the House of Commons has augmented its power and prestige. In the meantime our Senate has absorbed more and more power to itself, and our House seems to have lost in a like manner the primacy it once possessed.

Mr. Gladstone declined a peerage because he

SIDE LIGHTS ON CONGRESS.

preferred a field of usefulness to one of tinsel and show. Disraeli eagerly sought it because of his vanity and love of pomp. But no man with red blood in his veins; with youth, vigor and ambition in his make-up ever wishes to go to the Lords. It is a fine old, respectable mausoleum for "dead-ones."

How different our "House of Lords!" The most powerful men in our "House of Commons" eagerly seek opportunity to enter the Senate. There is something wrong when a position of newest Senator is preferable to that of powerful leadership in the House. Plainly there has been a progressive degradation of the popular body, a grave condition which is as bad for the Nation as it is for the prestige of the American House of Commons.

The visitors in the galleries always take a keen interest in the boys who act as pages. The rules provide that they shall be between 12 and 16 years of age. Their uniforms are white blouse shirts and knee breeches. During busy sessions their duties are somewhat arduous but once in a while they break through the



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ice of stiff formality as they did on one occasion when the lawmakers adjourned early and left the chamber in the possession of the youngsters.

One of the boys proposed a mock session, as he saw the last member disappear for the day. Suiting the action to the word, he mounted the chairman's rostrum and called the pages to order. One youngster, with mock dignity, introduced a bill that almost broke up the meeting. It bore the title, "To prohibit members from using fire-water, and for other purposes." Another was entitled, "A bill to relieve a bull pup." It was ordered to be referred to the committee on dogs.

There is a little volume known to the lads as "The Soak Book," in which delinquent pages are "soaked" with various penalties for derelictions of duty. One of the embryo statesmen offered a resolution that the "Soak Book be burned." This was passed without a dissenting vote.

Their methods of parliamentary procedure were in strict conformity to the rules and

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served to illustrate how closely they had studied the legislative manners of their masters.

Some of the pages have attained big positions in official life.

Senator Arthur Pue Gorman, of Maryland, was a page in his youth, and a number have advanced up the scale to Department heads, Foreign Ministers, and Congressmen.

It is the man, not his birth, social standing, or money that ranks on the floor of Congress. With great opportunities for making money, the instances in which members have bartered their honor are so few as to be almost negligible. Hundreds of members have lived and died in honorable poverty, who have had numberless opportunities to become millionaires had they simply named a price at which they would betray their country. Diogenes would have little use for his lamp on the floor of the House of Representatives.





ELIHU ROOT.

Senator Root is a statesman of wonderful versatility. As a legal prestidigitateur he has no equal. The Root of all evil to his opponents, the "root of all evil" fills his coffers and swells his bank account. Wise men aver that those Corporations that take Root are sure to flourish. Just to show his versatility at the Chicago convention of 1912, he gave an exhibition of steam-roller running that greatly astonished its famous inventor. His motto is, "Root for the biggest fee."



CHAPTER VI

LEGISLATIVE BURLESQUE.



FROM the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step—so runs the old adage. Many an orator soaring to sublime heights has been dashed to earth through some frivolous remark interjected at an inopportune moment.

When a Senator eloquently exclaimed that the Goddess of Liberty had her home in the mountains of Nevada, a nearby listener wrecked the aeroplane by remarking, "Quitê a solitary residence for the lady."

During a hot and acrimonious tariff debate on "Free Wool," a member cleared away the sullen clouds by remarking, "There is not a sheep from the green hills from Vermont to the mountain ranges of California where sheep are slaughtered by tens of thousands, that does not in his dying moments ejaculate as to both of these revenue arguments on wool, 'Baa! Baa!'"

An orator having spent some time in declaiming eloquently in set phrases, wound up



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with a rhetorical flight about the land drenched with the blood of millions, when his balloon was neatly punctured by a fellow member who ejaculated, "I always did like that speech."

A speaker dilating upon the odiousness of treason was neatly answered by a facetious opponent with the retort that treason never prospers, because when prosperous it is not treason.

In the course of a speech against an Indian appropriation bill the orator exclaimed vehemently, "What a mixed assortment of Quakers and blankets, saw-mills and school-books to send to vicious and unappreciative savages!"

An Indiana member, soon after the termination of the Civil War, compared the fallen condition of Virginia with Indiana's prosperity. The Virginian was quick to respond. "Where," he exclaimed, "I ask you, under the bright sun, is there a more genial climate, a more fertile soil, a more delightful region than Old Virginia? Where, oh! where rolls the rivulet more gently. Where, oh! where do the zephyrs blow so refreshingly? "You refer to Harper's



LEGISLATIVE BURLESQUE.

Ferry," said an unsympathetic voice; and the rivulet and zephyrs ceased flowing and blowing.

During one of the many debates on the Philippine question one member in characterizing another's mania for expansion, remarked that he anticipated the introduction of a bill, "To cart the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean," to make more territory there.

Some of the speeches reported in the Congressional Record contain some wonderful word pictures. The following is a fair sample: "The crack of our rifle is being heard on the mountains of Oregon, reverberating from the Rocky Mountains across the valley of the Mississippi to the Alleghanies, thence sweeping across the Atlantic Ocean, and finding its resting-place on the shores of Europe." Quite a crack, that.

The manner in which a witticism is rendered often makes the fling doubly effective. Sheridan said that a joke in Lord Lauderdale's mouth was no laughing matter. Bolingbroke said that in comedy the best actor plays the part of the droll, while some scrub represents

A. B. Walsh, M. C. N. J.
and his little Bill.



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the hero. In this farce of life wise men pass their time in mirth, while fools only are serious.

The easy repartee, the stinging witticism, the merciless jibe which too often pass for humor are not comparable with burlesque which weaves a contrast between the subject and the manner of treating it.

What an exquisite bit of burlesque was the retort of a Senator from South Carolina in answer to a taunt from a fellow member. "Why sir," he exclaimed, "one of the Senator's Sempronian speeches would raise a spirit that would induce the people of his section to charge a British fleet on horseback."

A somewhat belicose military member who had made a particularly flamboyant speech was described by a fellow member as having marched with his sword dangling from his boots, and his spurs securely buckled around his waist. This was so palpably burlesque that it was even relished by the victim.

Our best Revolutionary humorist, Franklin, employed allegory and story, as a vehicle for

LEGISLATIVE BURLESQUE.

his burlesque. That there is not more of it recorded is due to the fact that there were no stenographers to seize upon and perpetuate it.

Proctor Knott's Duluth speech was probably the greatest bit of legislative burlesque ever delivered in Congress. He was not an active member and his speech created surprise because he spoke rarely. When he took the floor on this occasion he was only accorded ten minutes. He started by saying that his facilities for getting time were so poor that, if he were standing on the brink of perdition, and the sands were crumbling under his feet, he could not in that body get time enough to say the Lord's Prayer.

The St. Croix and Bayfield Road Bill asked for a portion of the public domain. He disavowed any more concern in the bill than in an orange-grove on the bleakest summit of Greenland's icy mountains.

"Years ago," he exclaimed, "when I first heard that there was somewhere in the vast *terra incognita*, somewhere in the bleak regions of the great Northwest, a stream of water



SENATOR ATLEE POMERENE.

Atlas of yore, bore the World upon his broad shoulders. The modern Atlas lives in Ohio where he is known as Atlee. The burden he bears is a little world of politics which contains more varieties of politicians than old Atlas ever dreamt of. Having produced four National Executives within a short period, she is now known as the step-mother of Presidents, and Senator Atlee would like to increase the number. His motto is—"Put your shoulder to the World, and push."



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library and examined all the maps I could find. I discovered in one of them a delicate, hair-like line, diverging from the Mississippi near a place marked Prescott, which I supposed was intended to represent the river St. Croix, but I could nowhere find Duluth."

"Nevertheless, I was confident it existed somewhere and that its discovery would constitute the crowning glory of the present century. In fact, I was overwhelmed with the conviction that Duluth not only existed somewhere, but that, wherever it was, it was a great and glorious place. I was convinced that the greatest calamity that ever befell the benighted nations of the ancient world was in their having passed away without a knowledge of the actual existence of Duluth; that their fabled Atlantis, never seen save by the hallowed vision of inspired poesy, was, in fact, but another name for Duluth; that the golden orchards of the Hesperides was but a poetical synonym for the beer-gardens in the vicinity of Duluth. I was certain that Herodotus had died a miserable death because in all his travels he had never heard of

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Duluth. I knew that if the immortal spirit of Homer could look down from another heaven he would weep tears of bitter anguish that, instead of lavishing all the stores of his mighty genius upon the fall of Ilion, it had not been his more blessed lot to crystallize in deathless song the rising glories of Duluth."

"If you will examine it, you will find Duluth not only in the centre of the map, but represented in the centre of a series of concentric circles one hundred miles apart, and some of them as much as four thousand miles in diameter, embracing alike in their tremendous sweep the fragrant savannahs of the sunlit South and the eternal solitudes of snow that mantles the ice-bound North. Duluth is so exactly in the centre of the visible universe that the sky comes down at precisely the same distance all around it."

After describing with great minuteness the convenience with which the Indians could drive the buffaloes into Duluth, he continued, "I think I see them now, a vast herd, with heads down, eyes glaring, nostrils dilated, tongues



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out, and tails curled over their backs, tearing along toward Duluth, with a thousand Pieguns on their grass-bellied ponies yelling at their heels! On they come! And as they sweep past the Creeks, they too join in the chase, and away they all go, yelling, bellowing, ripping and tearing along, amidst clouds of dust, until the last buffalo is safely penned in the stock-yards of Duluth."

This burlesque made Proctor Knott famous in a day. Thousands sent for the document and scarcely a paper of note in the country failed to print it in full. It was admittedly the greatest piece of satire ever delivered on the floor of Congress.

CHAPTER VII

THE PRESIDENT.



HE President of the United States is greater than a King. So thinks the good American. Any degenerate, imbecile or incompetent can be King—if he's born right. A man to be President must stand the scrutiny of millions of his fellow beings; must come through the fire of convention and election unscathed to render him fit for this great position. He must be a paragon of all the political virtues to ascend the throne of a Republic. But there is such a thing as having too much of a good thing, and that is probably why he is never elected to a third term.

It is the only position within the gift of the people wherein the office seeks the man, for it invariably eludes the man who seeks it.

Henry Clay once remarked that he would rather be right than be President—and he was left.

The people take the greatest pains to select the most exceptional man for this exalted po-

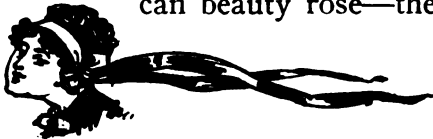
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sition, and then immediately after inauguration proceed to abuse him. Thomas Jefferson writes: "President Washington was extremely affected by the attacks made and kept up on him in the public papers. At a Cabinet meeting he was much inflamed; got into one of those passions when he cannot control himself; ran on much of the personal abuse which had been bestowed upon him; that he would rather be in his grave than in his present situation."



The abuse that was heaped upon Abraham Lincoln by the partisan press is too recent and too well known to need recapitulation here.

"When a President-elect takes the oath of office on inauguration day he indentures himself for four years of the heaviest servitude that can befall the lot of any mortal. A President, equal to his oath, is both King and Premier, reigning and ruling, bowed down by the crown of authority and encompassed by the sombre mantel of responsibility." Thus wrote Woodrow Wilson in his early years, and now he is experiencing the fact that the political American beauty rose—the Presidency— has many



MEPHISTO.

The devil is not as black as he is painted—he's sometimes yellow. This particular Mephisto has tried to play the devil with the present administration—but it is only play. His motto is—"Every tale should have a sting at the end—likewise every tail."



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sharp thorns. He is held responsible for bad business seasons. Office seekers swarm upon him like a plague of locusts. Hordes of inconsequential people descend upon him to shake his hand until his fingers ache. He is roundly abused by the press for the appointments he makes and as mercilessly condemned for those he doesn't make; and too frequently the vicious assassin's pistol makes it necessary for the Vice President to take his place—perhaps this is why he is called the "Vice" President.



The most reprehensible custom connected with the Presidency is the ridiculous handshaking habit. It led to the assassination of President McKinley. What is needed is a man who on entering the White House as President will serve notice that he will not yield to the vanity of promiscuous handshakes, but will return to the sensible custom of that estimable gentleman and practicable believer in democracy, George Washington, whose place in the hearts of his countrymen was not won by allowing every American who happened along to squeeze his thoroughly capable hand.

THE PRESIDENT.

There are some queer customs connected with the selection of the President. He is never notified of his election. Neither the Federal Constitution nor the Electoral Count act makes any provision for notifying or issuing to him a commission certifying his election.

He does not even receive from the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House a certified copy of the proceedings of the joint meeting of the two bodies at which certificates of the electoral votes of the several States are opened and counted. Nor is any one of either body appointed to wait upon him and notify him of the result. Some kind of commission is issued to all other officers of the Government, but the President has no official document as evidence of his election—if we except the salary-check he receives at the end of the first month of his term—money talks.

At the White House no soldier walks his beat before the entrance, to guard the President, as before the palaces of Kings and Emperors in other lands. During the dark days of the Civil War a soldier was assigned to this duty. One

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stormy night President Lincoln emerged from the executive mansion on his way to the War Department. As a chilly blast struck him he noticed the sentry pacing on duty. Turning to him he said:

"Young man, you've got a cold job tonight; step inside and stand guard there."

"My orders keep me outside," the soldier replied as he resumed his beat.

"Hold on there!" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln, "I am Commander-in-Chief of the army, and I *order* you to go inside."

A broad smile suffused his kindly face as he saw his order obeyed.

The President by reason of his arduous duties in deciding questions involving the happiness of thousands, or even the welfare of the nation, is compelled to work from twelve to fourteen hours a day.

The present incumbent of the White House, Woodrow Wilson, has been aptly termed "Abraham Lincoln with a college education." His ingenuousness is more disconcerting to self-seekers and monopolists than any outburst

THE PRESIDENT.

of thunderous denunciation could possibly be. His rare plainness and simplicity of speech makes his position dynamic. He has the reputation of being what plain people call "a very smart man." But he refuses to rely upon his smartness. His main reliance is his teachable and disinterested sanity. His mind is singularly open. Therein lies his power. If what he had written in his early years is not in conformity with facts later obtained, then is the first view discarded for the new.

His careless and unrestrained directness of speech makes hosts of friends amongst those who scorn demagoguery. Not in a generation has a man come to the Presidency with anything like the daredevil democracy of spirit which Woodrow Wilson displays.

If the scholar has broken into politics, what a fortunate thing for the Republic, that, just as the predatory interests were gaining an ascendancy over the country, there should come from the schools such a militant scholar with not only ability, but also the courage to cope with these merciless oppressors of the people.



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The pay of the President seems small when compared with the big sums paid to the rulers of foreign countries, yet it is a goodly sum. There has never been an occasion, however, in which the office was declined because the pay was meagre. From Washington to Grant the salary was \$25,000. It was then raised to \$50,000, where it rested until Taft was inaugurated, when it was lifted to \$75,000. During Roosevelt's term \$25,000 was voted for traveling expenses. Direct salary, however, is only a part of the emolument of the President. A heated and lighted residence is his to occupy, the repairs to which are defrayed by Uncle Sam, who also cares for the grounds surrounding. The President is in addition supplied with extra servants, with china, stationery, and flowers for his table.

As Commander-in-Chief of the Army he is entitled to forage for eight horses, which can be traded for gasoline if he so desires. If his fancy runs to the sea, a yacht is at his service to command. Take it all in all it is quite a good

SENATOR FRANCIS G. NEWLANDS.

When Senator Newlands, the Orpheus of Nevada, plays an Intermezzo on his Interstate Commerce Lyre, he makes the rebating railroads dance, and the Predatory Trusts Turkey trot a quick-step in the direction of the public pillory. Originally a 16 to 1 silverite, he is now an 18 karat Progressive. His motto is—"Every Trust should get a Reno divorce from Wall Street."



Tom Henry

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job, from a pecuniary point of view—in these days of costly living.

There is a legend in Washington which relates that a certain President of frugal propensities was so succesful in his economies that when his term of office expired he departed from the White House with his full four years' salary intact, having actually succeeded in living through his term upon the interest on his wages.

What disposition to make of ex-Presidents has long been a vexed question. Why the Constitution never made any provision to profit by the services of men who had served the country as Chief Executives, has been inexplicable to many. That such a man shall not have a third term, however, seems to be definitely settled now after many days.



JOHN ADAMS

Petty jealousies seem to possess those who stand nearest to the President. What John Adams thought of Washington's mental powers is illusrated by the story of his shaking his fist at a portrait of the Father of this Country and exclaiming in his shrill, squeaky voice, "If

THE PRESIDENT.

that wooden-headed man had not kept his mouth shut he would have been found out." Secretary Edwin M. Stanton was too small a man to properly appreciate the great Abraham Lincoln and on one occasion referred to him as "the baboon in the White House." Every President has to stand this sort of thing—it seems to be a penalty for being great—"The spurn that patient merit of the unworthy takes."



CHAPTER VIII

THE WHITE HOUSE.



O obliterate the marks caused by the fire which burned down the Executive Mansion in 1814, the rebuilt structure was painted white. This fire was the dastardly work of the British soldiers who viewed war as a means of wreaking spite and malice on inoffensive buildings. The Goths and Vandals pursued war after this fashion when they captured ancient Rome;—but they were barbarians.

Fifteen years previous to this act of vandalism, in 1799, George Washington had walked through its rooms on a tour of inspection and expressed himself as being greatly pleased at the outcome of his dearly cherished plans, little dreaming that they were so soon to fall a prey to an ungenerous foe.

The mansion was modeled after the residence of the Duke of Leinster, near Dublin, by the architect James Hoban, and the cornerstone was laid by Washington himself. It is

THE WHITE HOUSE.

reconstructed of Virginia freestone, painted white; hence the name, White House.

How talismanic and mystic a meaning the words "White House" have for the average American. The most august and pretentious imperial palace in a monarchical country does not possess a fraction of the pride and fascination for the subject of a crown, to that possessed by the citizen of the republic for the plain, unpretentious building on Pennsylvania avenue.

The reason for this is probably due to its democratic character, and its accessibility to the common people; and furthermore to the sentiment that no obstacle of birth, nor hinderance of environment can thwart the ambition of the humble citizen to attain this high station in this land of opportunity.

"From the cabin to the White House," rings familiar to all aspiring youth, who are thus stimulated and inspired with the thought that the road to the White House is open and free to any boy in the land. As for the girls—until female suffrage becomes an assured fact, there

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is no bar nor hindrance to their marrying a future President;—what!



Although thoroughly democratic in a broad sense, the White House visitors will find that there are sharply drawn lines of distinction at public receptions. Your social status is usually determined by your rank in official circles. Rank may be but the "guinea's stamp," nevertheless it is the thing that makes you pass current at the White House receptions, and the promptitude with which you are admitted to these semi-social functions is largely due to the eminence of your official rank;—if you are a rank outsider, then outside you remain.

The political spellbinder, wishing to strike a popular chord often grandiloquently lauds the rank and file. You will better understand his reference after you have visited Washington and attended one of the big public receptions at the Executive Mansion. There you will find "Rank" inside the gates; while outside, the "file" will be found to extend many blocks in length on Pennsylvania avenue awaiting its turn to enter within the sacred precincts of the

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big white mansion to greet His Excellency, the President.

These public receptions are very amusing if viewed in the proper light. The crowds assemble early in the day in the vicinity of the White House grounds. They gather about the entrance to the Army and Navy building, where the army and navy officers assemble preparatory to their march across the street to the President's reception. In the interior the crowd patiently awaits hour after hour the appearance of the high-steppers in gold-lace who hold commands in the Army and Navy. With bated breath they gasp in admiration at the brilliant uniforms and clanking accoutrements of Uncle Sam's fighting men. In the meantime the people have formed a line which extends from the north gate of the White House grounds, to many blocks up Pennsylvania avenue impatiently awaiting the signal to advance.

Inside the White House a different scene is being enacted. Here you will find the President, with a smile that never comes off, surrounded by all the great dignitaries at the Cap-





SENATOR ALBERT B. CUMMINS.

Senator Cummins is the Horatius of the Progressive Party's bridge; in fact, as an Insurgent, he was one of the builders of the bridge that spans the ditch between the G. O. P. and the Progressive's Fortress. The "Iowa Idea" that Cummins is the coming man in a Hawk-eye-tem worth more than a passing notice. His motto is—"A presidential bee in the bonnet is worth two in the hand."

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ital. They greet him severally and in turn, preserving the utmost decorum and dignity while saluting him in the most formally polite manner.

The Maine Band is playing its choicest music in which selections from Chopin, Mendelsohn, and Mascagni predominate—the rag-time pieces are held in reserve for the common-people who are clamoring outside. Segregated into small groups the exalted and superior brands of humanity quietly and reservedly greet each other in subdued tones. The distinguishing lines are easily discerned. Supreme Court Justices, with great solemnity vouchsafe dignified bows of recognition to eminent legal lights; Cabinet Ministers nod to Foreign ambassadors; Senators greet Senators and Congressmen affiliate with their colleagues. A general air of polite urbanity prevails and the atmosphere seems charged with the electricity of eminence and refinement.

To supplement this scene the Lady of the White House, surrounded by a bevy of sweet faced girls is playing host to a crush of fem-



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ininity. Hour after hour is passed in bestowing pleasant smiles and friendly greetings upon the seemingly endless throngs as they surge and flow through the great reception room.

An unusual commotion is heard at the great doorway. The word has been given to admit the multitudes. The Band changes its tune. The President braces up. Here they come! There majesties, the people. "Don't push! don't shove!—There are only some seven thousands of us." In they swarm to the tune of a popular rag-time air which the Band has started to play. Maine has linked arms with Arizona. They became acquainted during the long wait on Pennsylvania avenue. When they come together, as they sometimes do in promiscuous gatherings, they are brothers, although their habitations may be miles apart. Look at the big muscular hand of that tall Missourian! Watch him make the President wince when he grips his hand. He's such a staunch friend and admirer and 'tis the only way he knows how to show his admiration.

Their mothers, wives and sweethearts are

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with them in the line. "Ladies to the front, there!—We'd have you know we're from a Suffrage State." The Suffrage states are now a recognized quantity, just as Prohibition states formerly were.



An hour has passed and still they come. The President looks wearied and his smile appears forced. But he has braced himself for this ordeal and he means to see it through. "What's the matter?" a sudden halt in the line—oh, nothing. Only another suspicious looking character spotted by a secret service detective. They are examining this fellow, however. They "frisk" him—which in detective parlance means, search him for concealed weapons. They find a loaded revolver on this one; whisk him out of the line and lug him off to jail. Another lunatic has been frustrated in an attempt at assassination.



What an absurd custom is this practice of hand-shaking at the White House. The present President very properly frowns upon it. Washington never countenanced it. The people in his time had more consideration for the

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man and the high position in which they had placed him than to jeopardize his life or stultify his high office.

There is nothing particularly conducive to democracy in the spectacle of several thousands of people crowding into the White House to inflict themselves upon the Chief Executive in an effort to please their vanities. How about the rest of the ninety millions of Americans who cannot be present at these receptions, but who nevertheless cherish an equal feeling of admiration for him, and just as sincere a veneration for the high office he occupies as do the swarms of visitors who invade the precincts of the Executive Mansion in an effort to show their appreciation of the President by squeezing his good right hand.



CHAPTER IX

THE MAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE.



FIERCE light beats upon a throne but a fiercer light illumines the Presidential chair. It is usually Lese Majeste to print all the news which emanates from a palace, whereas it is considered loose newspaper work not to print every scrap of gossip that leaks from the White House. Everybody is curious about the President. When a man like Woodrow Wilson is catapulted into the Presidency, who a few years ago was the head of a university whose chief claim to fame was based on the excellent reputation of its football team, then the curiosity of the people respecting his personality is simply unquenchable.

After scrutinizing his picture in the public prints everybody is eager to know what manner of man he is. Is he cold? Is he pedantic and unapproachable? Is he a bookworm with a liking only for dry and dusty volumes?

When they first learn that he has attended



WOODROW WILSON.

A school-master is in the White House. His school is in the Capitol where he has many pupils. His scholars are very obedient. The teacher loves his pupils—when they are good. When they are bad, he reads messages to them. His most faithful scholar is Willie Bryan, who used to be a teacher himself. Now Willie leads the class in singing “How we love our teacher.” Professor Woodrow has many mottoes. His favorite aphorism is—“The A B C of politics is taught in the Primary.”

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a base-ball game and acted the part of an enthusiastic fan they are pleased. When they hear about him breaking precedents by reading his message to Congress, and conferring with the Senators at the Capitol, they begin to realize that the new President is a human being after all; a thing of flesh and blood, and not a parchment imitation.

The one, dominant quality of Woodrow Wilson is his thorough democracy, his unaffected simplicity. He has a big task and he knows it. He occupies an exalted position but he is not unduly dazzled by it. Working under a Constitution delicately adjusted with a system of checks and counterchecks instituted by men envious of each other, the brakes often clog the machinery of government and impair its action. Having made a life study of the Constitution he knows its limitations. "Writing maketh an exact man," said Lord Bacon. Woodrow Wilson has written much. He is exact. When he read his tariff message instead of having a reading clerk drone it out to an uninterested and inattentive Congress, he

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knew of the latitude afforded by the Constitution and hesitated not to avail himself of it. He wants his administration to succeed and he goes to work in a perfectly natural manner to accomplish success. The men in Congress are the ones to pass the laws before he can proceed to execute them. Consequently he talks to them just as a football coach would talk to his team before sending it out on the gridiron.

He is not disconcerted by the precedents that surround him. They amuse him. Every time he does a natural and rational thing he finds he breaks a precedent. But that doesn't deter him from being natural.

He often goes to his private secretary's house to find recreation with the six beautiful children there. This constitutes a breach of precedent, which decrees that a President may not call at a private house.

He is a most excellent stenographer; his shorthand characters look like copper-plate. When he reads a book he frequently makes shorthand notes as he goes along. His inaugural address was written in shorthand before

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it was typewritten, and furthermore, it was typewritten by himself.

Washingtonians have become quite familiar with him as a walker. With his head thrown back and shoulders squared he swings along at a gait that proclaims the man in perfect physical condition. It would be difficult to find a more graceful pedestrian.

One peculiarity that stands out markedly is his fondness for new stories and the man who can tell him a fresh, newly-coined witticism is his friend. He has a strong penchant for good limericks and will recite one on the slightest provocation. This is a heritage of college days which he has never grown out of. In short he will recite an apt limerick, tell a good story, or sing a song with all the gust of a youth of twenty or so.

Like Lincoln, he has a keen sense of humor and is fond of illustrating a point by means of an apt anecdote. Having a dry, crisp way of bringing out the points, and eyes that glint with expressiveness, his stories always gain in effectiveness by his rendition. Gifted with a re-



A. MITCHELL PALMER, M. C.

The task of Sisyphus was to roll a round stone to the top of a hill. But when near the top, the stone always rolled back again. The Pennsylvania Sisyphus is of a different type,—the Woodrow Wilson pattern. He has resolved to roll that old Penn. State stone to the top and make it stay there. When the Keystone State gets on top she'll be content,—but not corrupt.

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markable memory his repertoire is apparently inexhaustible. Once told an ordinarily commonplace narrative he will clothe it in his inimitable English and transform it into a most entertaining story.

Being very fond of nonsense verse, he occasionally indulges in versified gibes at what he is pleased to term his own shortcomings. Having a notion that he is possessed of a homely face, which is far from true, he composed the following.

“For beauty I’m not a star,
There are others more handsome by far;
But my face, I don’t mind it;
You see, I’m behind it,
It’s the people in front that I jar!”

This is all right as a pleasantry, but it need not be taken literally. He has the best face of any President since Lincoln. There is something almost fascinating about it. While it is the face of a student, it indicates an exceptionally broad mind in combination with a singularly kind and sympathetic nature. At the first inquisitive scrutiny his face seems lacking in

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sympathy, but upon closer examination it takes on an indefinable attractiveness that is hard to understand until you analyze it. Then it will be seen that the broad forehead, reposeful eyes, well shaped nose, make the face of an intellectual. But it is the mouth in this characterful countenance that gives it unusual strength. It is a mouth worth studying. With lips unyielding, cold and deliberate, and apparently merciless, until you look into the kindly eyes. It is a mouth that denotes a nature that will not fail in emergencies. Woodrow Wilson's character is clearly reflected in his face—"a face to jar"—those that need jarring.



CHAPTER X

THE CAPITOL.



THE grand architectural pile which shelters the two wings of Congress is easily the most conspicuous and imposing edifice in the Federal city.

Its situation is superb. No matter from which direction Washington is approached the white dome of the Capitol is the first sight to gladden the eye.

It is singularly appropriate that the Federal city should be built upon the banks of the Potomac, which in Indian is "Potowmak," and means "The river of the meeting of the tribes."

A. R. Spofford, who was Librarian of Congress for many years, relates that "Washington, with that consummate judgment which distinguished his career, fixed upon just the one spot in the entire range of territory prescribed by Congress which commanded the three-fold advantages of unfailing tidewater navigation, convenient access from Baltimore and the other large cities northward, and superb natural



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sites, alike for public buildings and for the varied wants of a populous city."

When the Capitol site was selected it was found to belong to an Irishman named Daniel Carroll, who readily parted with it when informed of the use to which it was to be put. It was quite different, however, when the commissioners came to bargain for the adjoining land which belonged to a Scotchman named David Burns, and who refused to part with it at any price. To Washington's most patriotic appeals he was adamant, and is said to have irritably replied: "If it had not been for the Widow Custis and her niggers, you would never have been anything but a land surveyor."

On March 30th, 1791, nineteen of the proprietors of the land required to build the city, signed an agreement to sell their property for £25 per acre, to be paid by the public.

It is interesting to note that at this time Philadelphia was the metropolis of the country with a population of 45,000 inhabitants. New York had 35,000; Boston, 20,000; Charleston, 16,000; and Baltimore 15,000.



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All honor is due the young French engineer, Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, who planned the city so well. In his report which he handed personally to Washington on March 26th, 1791, he writes,

"The country is level to that part terminating in a ridge a half a mile off from the river Potowmack—from these height every grand building would rear with a majestick aspect over the country all round and might advantageously be seen from twenty miles off, and facing on the grandest prospect to the Potowmack, where a majestick colum, or a grand Pyramid being erected would produce the happiest effect and completely finish the landskape."

President Washington planned that the Halls of Congress should be placed at a sufficient distance from the Executive Mansion to preclude the possibility of too frequent visits of Congressmen. But he overlooked a few trifles in the way of future inventions of those remorseless devourers of distances—Automobiles, Telephones, Wireless Telegraphy and Aeroplanes.



• CALHOUN •



• MONROE •



SENATOR THEODORE E. BURTON.

"Peace hath her victories no less than war." So thinks Senator Burton, of Ohio, who is President of the American Peace Society. As a figure of "Peace" he stands unique. The Senator is an accomplished after-dinner speaker. His post-prandial masterpiece is an eloquent plea for peace with all the world—except the tribe of Bull Moose. His motto is—"Let us have peace, even though we have to fight for it."

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Nor did he anticipate the day when some future Executive would find it expedient to "carry the war into Africa" in a laudable effort to find a few senegambians lurking in some legislative wood-pile.

To the east of the proposed Capitol was a broad plateau on which it was expected that the finest part of the future city would be built. But the real estate speculators gobbled up all of this territory and builders were forced, by their exorbitant demands, to seek cheaper land in the rear. This is the reason the Capitol has got her back turned to the more important part of the city, or as Gen. Ben Butler once remarked "She's Mary Ann in front and Queen Anne in the rear."

The design for the edifice was conceived by Dr. William Thornton, who submitted a water-color sketch to the President, who at once gave it his hearty approval, and on September the 18th, 1793, he laid the cornerstone in the presence of the Free Masons, the militia, volunteer firemen and a number of civic associations which existed in the young city at that early date.



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M. Clyde Kelly
Keystone State M. C.



The exterior walls of the building are of yellow sandstone from the banks of Acquia creek. The bricks were burned in kilns upon the spot, and the timber was cut from the adjoining hills.

After many vicissitudes, during which the architects were changed several times, the building was sufficiently far advanced for occupancy in October of 1800, for the Federal Government to move from Philadelphia and take formal possession.

Fourteen years later, the British captured the city, and tried to burn it to the ground, and we've had a grudge against John Bull ever since.

On July 4th, 1851, President Millard Fillmore laid the corner-stone of the new wings of the Capitol, on which occasion Daniel Webster delivered a masterly oration, which was said to have been one of the most eloquent and comprehensive in his long career.

If the patient reader likes dry figures let him (or her) contemplate the following—The building covers nearly four acres of ground,

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being seven hundred and fifty feet in length and three hundred and fifty feet in width. The massive dome was completed in 1865. It is constructed of iron plates so arranged that they slide smoothly, one upon the other with the expansion and contraction consequent upon the varying temperatures to which they are subjected, folding and unfolding like a gigantic coat of mail. The weight of this enormous quantity of iron is estimated at approximately Nine million pounds, exclusive of the Fifteen thousand pound statue of Miss Liberty which surmounts the structure.

The female suffragists should experience some degree of satisfaction at the spectacle of woman being placed on such a high plane at the nation's capital—over three hundred feet above the ground.

A sad reminiscence of the early days of the Capitol is that contained in a letter from Thomas Jefferson concerning the burning of the books of the Library of Congress by the British soldiers in 1814. Writing from Monticello to Congress he said:



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"I learn from the newspapers that the vandalism of our enemy has triumphed at Washington, over science as well as the arts, by the destruction of the public library, with the noble edifice in which it was deposited. You know my collection of books. * * * I have been fifty years making it, and have spared no pains, opportunity or expense, to make it what it now is. While residing in Paris, I devoted every afternoon I was disengaged, in examining all the principal book-stores, turning over every book with my own hands, and putting by everything which related to America. * * * The collection contained between nine and ten thousand volumes. * * * I wish to make a tender of it to the Library Committee of Congress."

The entire collection was purchased by Congress for \$23,950, and forms the nucleus of the present Library. The Library was partly replaced, the marks of the fire were partly obliterated, but the sting of the act of vandalism on the part of the British soldiers has never been wholly eliminated.

No visitor to the Capitol ever omits to exam-



SENATOR REED SMOOT.

In these degenerate days it is refreshing to know that we have saints amongst us—Latter day saints. St. Smoot, the patron saint of the Utah G. O. P., has kept his State true to the faith, despite the unholy machinations of the False Prophet of Bull Moose. The Senator, being a banker is a disciple of Mor-mon-ey. His motto is—"Plural wives, and Plural voting are entirely different propositions."



P. H. ...
1855

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ine the historical paintings in the rotunda. Four of these are the work of John Trumbull, the son of Jonathan Trumbull, Revolutionary Governor of Connecticut.

Having been an aide-de-camp to Gen. Washington, he was unusually well fitted for his task by reason of his actual knowledge of the revolution and his intimate acquaintance with the chief actors in the scenes he depicts.

While Trumbull was no such painter as Meissonier, Detaille, Abbey, or Sargent, nevertheless his work is in the highest degree valuable for its wealth of historical data.

"The Signing of the Declaration of Independence" is the best known. It is natural in tone and finish, and only a captious critic could find fault with it. John Quincy Adams criticized it on account of some book which was shown lying on the President's table,—but what Adams lacked in art knowledge would fill a larger book than the one complained of.

"The Surrender of Burgoyne" is chiefly valuable for the carefully painted American Officers shown in the large picture. In the paint-



QUINCY ADAMS.

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ing of "The Surrender of Lord Cornwallis" Trumbull went to great lengths to secure the utmost fidelity to the subject; journeying to Paris, and other European cities, to make studies of the French Officers who were present at Yorktown. Writing from Europe, he says; "I made many studies for the Surrender of Cornwallis. I drew it over and over again."

"Gen. Washington Resigning his Commission" is a well painted picture, its grouping being particularly felicitous. Trumbull was superior in his interior scenes. This was probably due to his associations with Benjamin West, whose style he closely followed as a student.

The other four paintings in the Rotunda are the work of Weir, Vanderlyn, Powell and Chapman.

"The Embarkation of the Pilgrims," by Robert Weir, is like the people it represents;—gloomy, hard and uninteresting. "The Landing of Columbus" is the work of John Vanderlyn and is a very meritorious painting.

As much, however, cannot be said for Wm.





B. FRANKLIN



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H. Powell's "Discovery of the Mississippi." It has little claim to historical merit, being purely fanciful.

"The Baptism of Pocahontas" should never have been placed in the rotunda. The subject is not of sufficient importance to warrant such conspicuous hanging. Far more appropriate would be a spirited portrayal of "Benjamin Franklin's Electrical Experiment," or "Wm. Penn's Treaty with the Indians," by any one of the talented American artists of today, who would undoubtedly be delighted to have the opportunity to show how far American art has advanced since the first pictures were placed beneath the dome of the Capitol.

A view of the Capitol at night is a thing of beauty not soon to be erased from the memory. When the beautiful white dome is aglow with the powerful electric lights which are cast upon it on various festive occasions, its symmetrical proportions show finely against the sombre sky and darkened foliage of the surrounding park which forms just the requisite background to complete the most impressive spectacle that can

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be conceived; and if you are romantically inclined on the occasion, your lively imagination will picture the colossal dome as some huge law-making beehive, wherein the busy congressional bees are storing honey in the guise of beneficent laws for the guidance of the great Republic. But the more practical observer will only see a great waste of electric light for the benefit of a few stragglers who wander about the adjacent park after nightfall, while the law-makers have transferred their energies to the lobbies of the hotels, or the reception-rooms of residences in the residential quarters of the Capitol, over a mile away.



CHAPTER XI

THE DOME.



ANY are the calls for the elevator when a climb to the top of the Dome of the Capitol is contemplated, for in these days of automobiles, trolley-cars, and elevators, few walk, and none climb. There are 365 steps to the top, but a sight of the interior of the big dome well repays the effort required to ascend it, and when the task is accomplished, and you find yourself in the little gallery beneath the big lantern, and contemplate the beautiful view of city and country surrounding the Capitol, you won't regret the tiresome climb it has cost to reach it.

The original dome of the Capitol was constructed of wood which nearly burned down from an accidental fire in 1851. Four years later work was commenced on the present magnificent dome of iron which was erected in its place, but it was not completed until ten years later. All through the Civil war the work was carried on. Even in 1861 when all government

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work was suspended the contractors kept steadily at their task and put in place the 1,250,000 pounds of iron castings then upon the ground.

John Ruskin in his work on architecture, *The Lamp of Truth*, says, "It may be perhaps permitted to me to assume that true architecture does not admit iron as a constructive material."

But Ruskin is too fastidious. Would he vouchsafe the opinion that bronze is not a proper constructive material in true architecture? Then why should he condemn the use of iron? His criticism has been the basis of many attacks upon the beautiful American Capitol building, and they are certainly very unjust.

The height of the crest of the dome is 307 feet and six inches. For symetry of outline and proportion it has no equal in the world and far surpasses in beauty the somewhat similar domes of St. Peter's at Rome and St. Paul's in London. There is no dome in Europe more graceful in contour or more pleasing in proportions.

The erection of this great dome called for the





SEN. THOMAS STERLING, S. D.—SEN. P. J.
McCUMBER, N. D.

North and South Dakota are neighbors. Their favorite sons, Tommy Sterling and Port McCumber are schoolmates, attending the same school where they imbibe all the rudiments of knowledge political as expressed in the three R's—Regular Republican Rule.

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highest type of engineering skill. The massive superstructure had to be provided with walls trussed, bolted and girded in the most substantial manner. Over 9,000,000 pounds of cast iron is used in its construction. This exerts a pressure approximating 1,400 pounds to the square foot at the basement floor. The dome is constructed like two gigantic shells, one within the other. The outer shell resembles a monster metallic shingle roof which expands and contracts with the changes in the temperature. Between the two shells a stairway winds its tortuous way to the top. At the base the diameter measures 135 feet.

Thirty-six columns support the lower portion of the exterior—one for each State in the Union at the time it was designed. At the top there are thirteen columns, emblematic of the thirteen original States.

The lantern is fifty feet in height and serves a very useful purpose in signalling to the surrounding city that a night session of Congress is being held in the Capitol.

The view of the Capital from the circular



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balcony which encompasses the top of the dome is exceedingly fine. Looking westward, the bright current of the Potomac is seen like a shimmer of silver running southward between the green shores of Maryland and Virginia. Just beyond the river lies historic Arlington heights, with the majestic edifice erected by George Washington Parke Custis nestling amidst its rich foliage. It is now occupied by the government and is surrounded by the beautiful cemetery wherein lie over 15,000 Union dead. Alexandria city can be plainly seen near by. To the northwest, over the roofs of the White House and State department buildings, rise the picturesque heights of old Georgetown. To the north lies the Soldiers' home with its surrounding park of 750 acres. In closer proximity lies the beautiful Union Station with its apparently endless ribbons of bright steel-rails which guide the myriads of trains to the Capitol city.

Taken in its entirety it is hard to conceive a more beautiful picture than that displayed from the top of the Capitol building, but



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Charles Dickens wrote in 1842;—It is sometimes called the City of Magnificent Distances, but it might with greater propriety be termed the City of Magnificent Intentions; for it is only on taking a bird's-eye view of it from the top of the Capitol, that one can at all comprehend the vast designs of its projector, an aspiring Frenchman. Spacious avenues, that begin in nothing and lead nowhere; streets, mile-long, that only want houses, roads, and inhabitants; public buildings, that need but a public to be complete; and ornaments of great thoroughfares, which only lack great thoroughfares to ornament,—are its leading features such as it is, it is likely to remain.”

But in 1865, on a subsequent visit to Washington, the English writer was heartily ashamed of what he had written in 1842.

The interior of the dome is decorated by a huge fresco by Constantino Brumidi. This painting, by reason of its great height from the observer is designed in heroic proportions. It depicts the beatification of the spirit of Washington. On his right is Freedom and on



ARMED LIBERTY.

There is a woman high up atop of the Capital called, Armed Liberty. She is armed with a sword. But the lady is not content. There is a look of keen dissatisfaction in her bronzed eye. "Take your old corroded sword, I want a ballot!" She exclaims. And she won't be happy till she gets it—and then—she'll most probably cast it into the House, or Senate chamber and scare the lawmakers out of a year's growth.

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his left Victory. Grouped about are thirteen beautiful females emblematic of the original states. On the banner stretching across the picture is inscribed "E Pluribus Unum." Some dark night a female enthusiast may steal into the dome with paint-pot and brush and substitute "Votes for Woman" for the back-number latin motto. It seems too good an opportunity to be overlooked for long;—but look out for the eagle-eyed Capitol police!



As you descend the winding stairway you will probably notice the lone Capitol policeman on guard. This is to circumvent the persistent souvenir fiend, who would carry off the entire dome if not watched. Tourists in Washington, being no different from those in other places, have a strong penchant for carrying off anything that is not fastened down. Closely akin to the souvenir fiend is the autograph crank who scribbles his name in public places, and who would carve his initials on Armed Liberty if he could reach the lady. -

The big statue was recently scrubbed by a score of workmen, who by using a heavy lather

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of castile soap and scrubbing brushes removed the dust and grime that had covered it. Upon examination, the seven platinum tips adorning her brow were found to be badly damaged by lightning bolts, and over \$700 worth of the precious metal was required to restore them. Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty.— Even the elements take a crack at her once in a while.



CHAPTER XII

THE CAPITOL GUIDE.



UAVE, alert, and entertaining, the Capitol guide is in a class by himself—a specimen brick of which there is no counterpart. A keen judge of human nature, patient and accommodating, he is an entertainer as well as instructor. When a party of tourists appear at the big doorway leading to the rotunda of the Capitol it is refreshing to note the celerity with which he picks out the strangers. Never does he make the mistake of approaching one who has been to the Capitol before and consequently not in need of guidance.

His manner of coralling a requisite number to constitute a party is unique. Approaching a stranger who is gaping about as if in search of information he straightway proceeds to explain in a loud voice some distinguishing feature of the big rotunda. This always results in gathering a crowd eager to listen to the information imparted, and generally the right kind to constitute a sight-seeing group for revenue





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purposes. After a preliminary preamble regarding his qualifications, in which he specifies that he is the only simon-pure, regular, authorized, and only official guide to the Capitol, and for a ridiculously small fee (considering the service rendered), he is at their service to guide them through the labrymths of the noble edifice, and explain in detail all the historical, technical and traditional lore connected with the greatest building on the American continent.

This preliminary lecture usually has the desired effect and soon he is to be seen leading his charge through the corridors and chambers like a hero leading a conquering host. His descriptive talks are valuable in the extreme and are largely based upon a formula which he has committed to memory and which he drones out in a monotone, without inflection or emphasis of any kind.

In this manner there follows in rapid succession, descriptions of statuary, paintings, and architecture as the party progresses through the building, and never does he flag for an in-

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stant while there is an entertaining object to be shown.

But it is when he undertakes to demonstrate the wonderful acoustic properties of Statuary Hall that he is at his best. Directing his group of sightseers to assemble compactly around a designated spot in the tiled floor, he walks a dozen paces to the east, and with his back turned to them proceeds to demonstrate the echo produced by the peculiar formation of the arched ceiling above. This never fails to prove sensational. The mysterious sound of the voice reverberating from above always mystifies the crowd, until the nature of the echo is explained.

On holidays, when the crowds are large and numerous, the guides take diverse routes through the building with their various sight-seeing parties. Occasionally they clash when they come unexpectedly in contact with each other and then a wordy warfare ensues. "Get a move on, there!" shouted one irate guide to another who was blocking his way on a stairway, with a long-winded description of a big painting which had been slashed by some van-





HENRY T. RAINEY, M. C.

In early life Congressman Rainey was an expert amateur boxer well versed in the "upper-cut" and "right hand jolt." He was known as the boy with the "punch." He still has the "punch," but he uses it in another way now. His motto is—"Trusts are hard to knock out, and must be fought without gloves."

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dal a few years ago. The groups get mixed up in a bad tangle. It resembled nothing so much as a mix-up between two old hens conveying their respective broods about a farm-yard.

Long contact with the public makes them good judges of human nature. Let a bridal-touring party appear in any part of the big Capitol building and at once they are pounced upon for a trip through the building alone. It is then that the deftness of the guide shows itself.

Knowing full well that these newly-wedded couples appreciate nothing so much as opportunities to be alone with each other, where they can see, and not be seen.

With diplomatic adroitness he convoys them up to the gallery at the top of the dome where they can look all over the city at their leisure, and what is far more important to them in their present state of mind; look into each other's eyes and dream of love—at the rate of two dollars an hour for the guide. Love comes high at the Capitol.

CHAPTER XIII

A WASHINGTON STREET CAR.



STATION, rank, and file is brought to a common level by the street car. This is particularly true of the Washington street car. It plays no favorites. Your nickel is just as good as the colored porter's, who carried your grip at the hotel—and no better.

My first experience on a trolley car was unique. As I stepped aboard, I handed the conductor a silver quarter. He passed me a strip of tickets. Ordinarily I care no more for a quarter than a woman cares for her last year's hat, but on this occasion it happened to be my only coin and as I was in no mood to enter the wholesale trade I requested the "con" man to take back his tickets and give me my rightful change which he did with a somewhat surly air. I had unwittingly transgressed a cherished custom. The car company by foisting their tickets on their patrons catch many an unwary visitor, who invariably leaves town with a bunch of unused tickets for which the

A WASHINGTON STREET CAR.

company will probably never render a service. Thus do the designing and greedy corporations grind our faces and do us out of our nickels. As I entered the car I noticed a vacant seat between a Naval officer of high rank and a bucolic specimen of humanity from a far western State. This latter conclusion I deduced from the fact that he wore a very wide brimmed felt hat, and otherwise looked the part. As the car gave a lurch I was hurled somewhat unceremoniously into the empty seat. The conductor grinned maliciously. In attempting to mitigate the awkwardness of my entry I turned to the Naval dignitary at my side with the remark that "the ship was not sailing very smoothly" only to be met with a stony gaze of vacuity. A fussy old lady of ample proportions entered the car. I at once proffered my seat and as I clung to the strap I intensely enjoyed the marine gentleman's uneasiness as the old lady crowded him into a very uncomfortable corner. I now occupied a point of vantage from which to leisurely study the occupants of the car. A member of Congress occupied a



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seat in front of me with a constituent to whom he was explaining the character of the Public Buildings we passed as the car bowled along. "No" he once remarked to his friend "that's not the Post Office, that's the Post Building—where they publish the 'Washington Post.' " That a majority of the people in the car were strangers was made evident by the fact that they gazed continually out of the windows of the car and from time to time consulted guide books as pretentious buildings and imposing monuments were passed. If the aforesaid guide book failed to give the requisite information they never hesitated to ask a neighbor. Apparently, the average visitor is from Missouri—got to be shown.

Snugly ensconced in the corner sat three boys. One of the trio was a black boy—exceedingly black. The other two were white. Judging by the remarks made by them it was evident that they were Congressional Pages on their way to the Capitol. But the thing that attracted my attention most was the thorough democracy of the urchins—no race prejudice

SENATOR JAMES K. VARDAMAN.

The Biblical Samson was a strong man who slew a Lion in the desert. The Mississippi Samson emulated his example. There was a measly, mangy old Lion with a terrible roar and fierce mein in Mississippi. The people called for deliverance, and the doughty Samson Vardaman responded. What he did to this miserable menagerie Lion is too painful for words—look at the picture!

THE
MISSISSIPPI
SAMSON





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there. How broad-minded and free the ordinary boy is on all occasions. It is only when he reaches man's estate that he takes on the prejudices and pettiness of bigotry. In the seat adjoining sat a man in a large, voluminous overcoat with pockets bulging with the morning's papers. So deeply engrossed was he in the "Congressional Record" he was perusing that he was totally oblivious of the presence of the other passengers. It was quite plain that he was a "member" for ever and anon he would make notes on the margin of the page he was scrutinizing—probably a report of the speech he had delivered a few days previous. As the car approached the Capitol I noticed that it made fewer stops. Everybody seemed to be bound for the same destination;—the halls of Congress. And what a motley assemblage? Maine and South Carolina alternated with France and China; a couple of Sioux Indians and a German attache. Clutching a strap in front of me stood a somewhat elderly and very martial looking gentleman who had resigned his seat to a lady with so courtly an air that

A WASHINGTON STREET CAR.

I at once assigned him as a product of the courteous and chivalrous South. "Beg pah-don, sah!" he exclaimed as he seized the strap next to mine "have I not met you befo?" And as I looked him over more closely I recognized a chance acquaintance I had played a game of billiards with the evening before. By his unsteady attitude and the peculiar flavor of his breath I at once perceived that he had spent the night hilariously. As the car gave a lunge he brought his face in close proximity to mine and huskily whispered "I say—my frien'—yeh know how it is yersel—out with the boys—an th' like—tell th' truth—I'm strapped!—"

"Sorry old chap—so am I," I replied pointing to the bit of leather I was desperately clinging to as the car swung a corner just as we reached the Capitol.



CHAPTER XIV

PRESIDENT WILSON'S CABINET.



HE present administration is one of the most democratic that has ever held the reins of government at Washington. "I summon all honest men, all patriotic men to my side," said President Wilson in his inaugural address, and those who knew him best knew that his words were not empty.

The men selected to constitute his Cabinet are a remarkably virile looking body. They are mostly young men and look like fighters; so Mr. Hicostofliving you'd better look out. Likewise Mr. Predatoryinterest you had better watch out for there's blood on the moon as it peeps over the horizon and the big-chief in the White wig-wam has got the Indian sign on you. Just take a look at the braves the new big-chief has called for his war dance.

There's Bryan, Secretary of State, with his competent nose, which indicates capacity; the thin, decided, tightly-closed lips, denoting strength of will; the beetling brow; eagle-like

WILLIAM GIBBS McADOO.

When William Gibbs McAdoo started to build the Hudson River Tunnel, it was not supposed that it would reach the United States Treasury building at Washington. President Wilson upon perceiving that his builder had shown such proficiency in mastering the currents of the Hudson River while engaged in connecting the banks of New York and New Jersey concluded that here was the very man to master the perplexing problems of Currency and Banking that beset the Treasury Department in the Capitol. His motto — "If you want to succeed, start at the bottom — at the river."



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eyes and a general look of aggressiveness that augurs ill for oppressors of the common people, notwithstanding his little chautauqua-ward digressions.

There's McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury; he too has an aggressive nose. That he is a man keen in business does not alter the fact that he has the imaginative face of a poet. His deep set, dreamy eyes hardly suggest the cold, calculating nature of the typical financier, but nevertheless his past career is a long record of conquests of a financial nature. This notable quality may lurk in the thin, compressed lips that form his very capable mouth.

Mr. Garrison, the Secretary of War, is the sole wearer of spectacles in the Cabinet; while Mr. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce, is the only user of eyeglasses in the ten.

Mr. Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, is from Raleigh, North Carolina, where he gained all his expert knowledge of naval matters. A story is told of him (which is probably not true) that when he first inspected the Navy Yard at Portsmouth he was taken on board of



PRESIDENT WILSON'S CABINET.

a war-ship on a tour of inspection. After going all over the ship he suddenly came upon an open hatch-way. With great astonishment he halted and looked eagerly down into the bowels of the ship as he exclaimed "Why the darned thing's hollow!"

Secretary Lane is a Californian, with the busy and breezy air of the Pacific slope. His beautiful marble like dome suggests capability, austerity and inflexibility—in all, a most impressive face. The Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Houston of Missouri, has sharp eyes and firm mouth. His well-shaped head indicates unusual capacity. Secretary Redfield has old fashioned mustache and side-whiskers like those seen in old photographs of Gen. Burnside of civil war days.

Mr. Wilson, Secretary of Labor, makes up for any deficiencies of any of his colleagues in the matter of hirsute adornment. His hair masses finely. His face is of the type of the old roman senator, sedate, thoughtful and masterful in every line.

An impressive face at the Cabinet table is





JOSEPHUS DANIELS.

Uncle Sam's new star-spangled Neptune was discovered in the interior of North Carolina. As Secretary of the Navy he is a decided success, which is probably due to the fact that being a Tarheel he is a natural Jack Tar. Among the many reforms he has instituted in the American Navy is one embodied in Order No. 41144—"Common seamen are forbidden to use the ship's poker deck." His motto is—"Don't chew the rag—chew Navy."

PRESIDENT WILSON'S CABINET.

that of the Secretary of War, Mr. Garrison. His hair is artistically arranged and his features invite scrutiny. A broad head, a long head, suggesting a head with virile cerebral chambers; an appearance of thoroughly controlled power.

The face of Mr. Burleson, Postmaster-General, is particularly attractive and distinguished looking. With an aggressive looking mouth beneath a rather long upper lip, and a broad head surmounted by carelessly touseled hair he looks like one well prepared for the strenuous work demanded by Uncle Sam's postal department.

Attorney General McReynolds sits at the cabinet table like one born to the position. His head is broad and his eyes are wide apart. A large strong nose and well shaped and capable looking mouth stamps him as one of great strength of character. If appearances are not deceptive he will make an enviable reputation in his new position before his term has ended.

In its entirety, President Wilson's cabinet averages exceedingly high.



CHAPTER XV

THE NEW CONGRESSMAN.



O! the conquering hero comes! His step is haughty and his head is high. Every intricate question of legislation has been settled, every governmental problem has been solved, and every national and international tangle has been unravelled by that massive intellect. A valiant hero has just arrived at the Capital to take the helm of the Ship of State; to guide its course through the dangerous currents and to steer it clear of the menacing rocks that threaten it with destruction.

Who is this paragon of all the legislative virtues? 'Tis none other than the New Congressman. He has come to awe and impress that big body of law-makers at the Capitol with his forceful eloquence that will reverberate through the halls of Congress and echo back to the folks at home the greatness and the grandness of the man they have sent to Washington to shed lustre upon his country and on his home-town.



THE NEW CONGRESSMAN.

Presidents may come and go, Dynasties may fall, and great disasters may overtake the land, but the people of his district will now take but little note of these happenings. Their Congressman they know intimately and his activities are of vital interest. His audience is ready-made—the people at home; the people who sent him to represent them, and to whom he is an incomparable hero.

When the Speaker raps his gavel and the House comes to order a couple hundred of new congressmen feel the thrill of their lives—the first session of their congressional lives. Their mothers, sisters, aunts, sweethearts or wives are in the gallery with eyes for none but them. The guides may point out the noted men on the floor but their words fall on deaf ears. They look only for Tom or John or Dick, and when he is discovered the other great men sink into obscurity.

It is at this point that Mr. New Congressman becomes embarrassed. He is vaguely conscious that every one in the gallery must be looking at him. After a while his self pos-





FRANKLIN KNIGHT LANE.

Chef Lane prepares many a delectable dish for Uncle Sam's Interior Department. His menu is large and varied. There is "Indian au natural"; "Reservation Roast, with Forest Preserves"; Mississippi Levees, washed down with "Annual Floods," and "River and Harbor Ices," Deserts, etc. In fact, Knight Lane is knight of the range—Mountain and Forest. His motto is—"A straight lane is better than a crooked one."

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session returns and he ventures a glance in the direction of the section where he knows his friends are beaming down upon him, and for the time being he is distinctly It.

When the time comes to advance with a group of new members to the Speaker's rostrum to take the oath of office he feels as exalted as a school-graduate about to receive a diploma.

The new system of benches has done away with the old method of drawing for seats. This new arrangement was borrowed from the British House of Commons and was made necessary by the great increase in membership since the new apportionment.

It certainly looks more sociable, however much it detracts from the importance of the individual, but the New Congressman, never having experienced the pride of possession of an individual desk, is quite thankful for his bench-seat and deplores not the loss of a prerogative he never knew.

After the strangeness of his first session wears off somewhat he essays a trip to inspect his new office over in the big congressional



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office building. As he leaves the House chambers he makes a dash for the elevator marked "For Members only." His manly bosom swells with emotion as he notes the elevator man repulsing the efforts of a visitor who attempts to enter with him.

When he reaches the doorway he encounters a photographer with whom he had made an engagement to take his picture standing on the Capitol steps. Unmindful of the curious crowd, he poses in every known attitude in conformity with his idea as to what a statesman should look like. As these pictures are for the folks back home he is very particular as to details, placing one hand on his breast, while in the other he clutches tightly a roll of paper resembling the manuscript of a speech to be delivered before the House.

In passing, it may be said that it is no uncommon thing for older members to pose to photographers, not alone to please their pardonable vanity, but also for the sake of the advertisement and publicity which is so dear to the seasoned public-man.



THE NEW CONGRESSMAN.

When Mr. New Congressman reaches the three-million dollar building constructed by Uncle Sam to provide private offices for his congressmen, he seeks his allotted room among the 500 contained in the big building. As he looks about his commodious room he notes that it contains a combination wardrobe, a book case and file cabinet, a beautiful mahogany desk, a type-writer desk for his secretary, a five-foot mahogany table, a telephone equipment, several leather upholstered chairs, an electrically regulated clock and an auto-phone device by which he can ascertain instantly what is transpiring in the Chamber during his absence.

His secretary has preceeded him by several hours and has a number of neatly addressed envelopes which he places before him. After looking the batch over carefully he satisfies himself that they are all properly addressed and hands them back to the secretary who smiles broadly.

The new member is very much mystified by the smile until the secretary reminds him of the



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Hon. J. Henry Goeke
Rep. 4th Dist., Ohio

necessity of franking them—then he wakes up. In the most careful manner he signs each one with all the flourishes at his command. It is hard to conceal his exultation at the thought that his name is good for a postage stamp any time he wishes to use it.

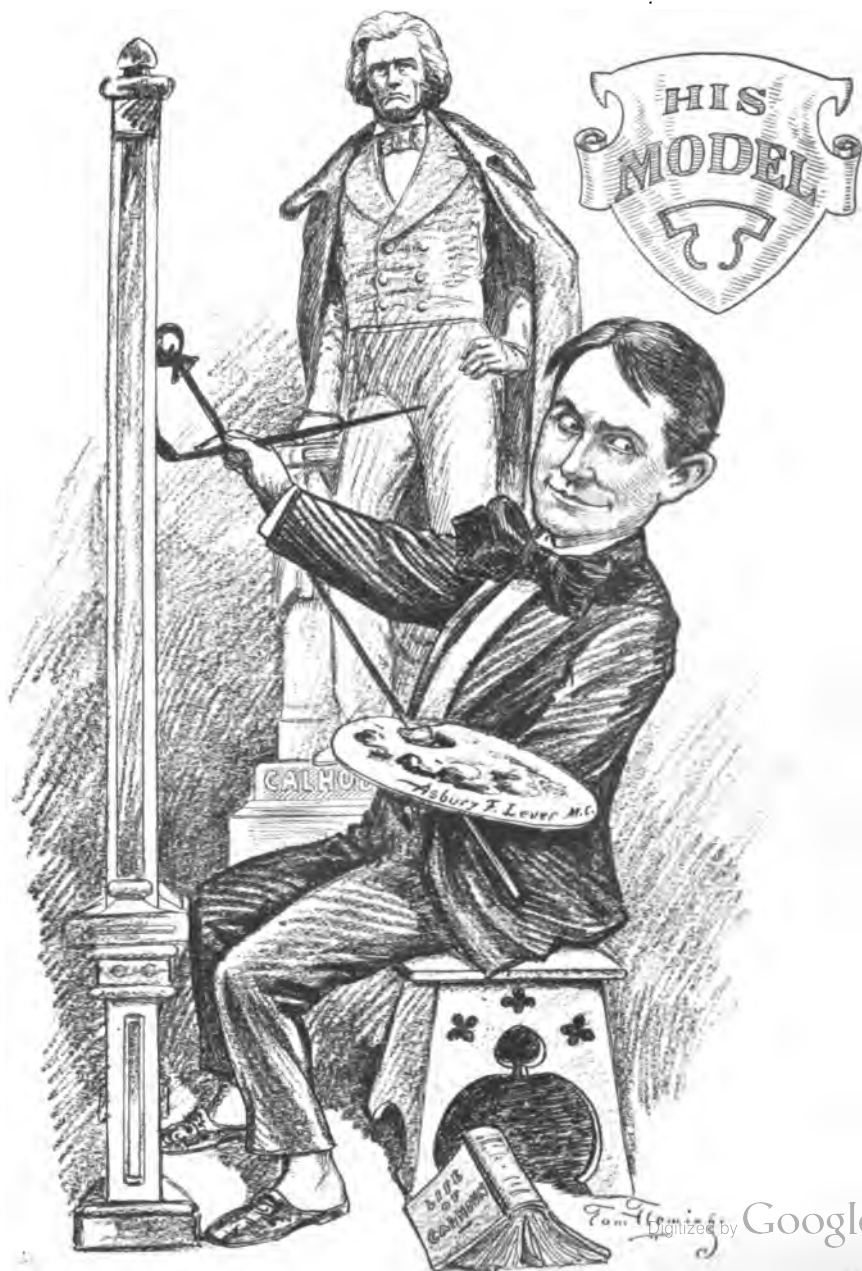
After a while the novelty of signing franks with a pen wears off and he resorts to the rubber-stamp which the old-timers use.

When he returns to the House he walks through the seven hundred and fifty foot long subway which leads to the Capitol. As he enters the chamber the clerk is about to call the roll. When the initial letter of his name is reached and his name is called a proud thrill electrifies his frame and he responds with an “aye” or “nay” in the most emphatic tone he can command. It is indeed a most pleasurable moment in his congressional career and its memory will often recur to him in after years no matter how many terms he may eventually serve.

It is when the new congressman rises in his seat to deliver his maiden speech that the su-

ASBURY F. LEVER, M. C.

The South Carolina Congressman has selected a fine model in John C. Calhoun, the one-time idol of his State. With ideal models, masterpieces are created. Congressman Lever is an artist in his line and may with the inspiration of his model win the palm from the old Palmetto State.



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preme moment of his life arrives. How many times he has written and rewritten, how many times he has rehearsed this maiden peroration, only himself knows.

At first his voice is almost inaudible but as he proceeds he gains in confidence until finally he surprises himself at his seeming success, but in his self-engrossment he scarcely notices that the chamber has become quite empty. The old-timers have taken to the woods—i. e., to the cloak-rooms or the restaurant. Maiden speeches are an infliction that the older members do not tamely submit to, unless the speaker shows a flash of real ability as in the case of Congressman Lafe Pence of Colorado, who in 1894 so electrified the House with his maiden effort that he became nationally famous.



The new congressman is a butt for all the jokers, a mark for all the sophisticated ones at the Capital, but it is just as well not to take him too lightly lest there be an unpleasant awakening as in the experience of the late Gen. Bingham, a veteran congressman from Pennsylvania, who mistook a youthful looking Con-

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gressman for a page and requested him to bring him a law-book, which he did, and as he laid the volume on the old member's desk, said, "Here it is, General, but the next time, please address me as "Congressman."

In all the vicissitudes of the new congressman's career there is the consolation that he will soon outgrow his newness if he shows ability of the right order and can succeed in coming back for subsequent terms. Then good places on important committees await him and his congressional existence will take on an entirely different aspect, and his view of life under the "big dome" will assume a roseate hue not dreamt of in his "salad days."



CHAPTER XVI

THE CONGRESSIONAL PRESS GALLERY.



VER twenty million copies is the aggregate circulation represented by the newspapers and periodicals having Washington correspondents.

When it is considered that every item of information of value to the country is sent abroad, uncensored and untrammelled to millions of readers, its power for good is beyond all calculation. This powerful agency of publicity undoubtedly constitutes the greatest and strongest bulwark of the Republic, and probably no other agency contributes so much to maintain the solidity and impregnability of the free institutions on which rest the foundations of the greatest republic ever known.



Hon. Franklin Brockson
Rep., Del.

When the member of Congress rises in his seat to deliver his carefully prepared speech, he ostensibly addresses the Chair, but in reality his words are for the ears of the wide awake correspondents who are ensconced in the gallery reserved for the Press. Here sit the true censors; the experts who can intuitively tell tinsel from gold.

THE CONGRESSIONAL PRESS GALLERY.

A member of the Belgian Chamber of Deputies, celebrated for his speeches, confessed to the House that he had made the same speech, word for word, for thirteen years consecutively and nobody had noticed it. The "Congressional Record" might absorb thirteen repetitions of a speech, but not so the Press Gallery. Before the speaker could half finish his first repetition, some keen correspondent would certainly nail him, and he would never be able to live down the offense. The rules regarding admission to the Press Gallery are very exacting.

Application must be made to the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and to the Senate Committee on Rules, and then if you can prove that you are not a lobbyist of the Standard Oil Co.—or some like organization; and can show that you are a true blue, bona fide correspondent of the Bungtown Bugle or some other newspaper, you can get permission to enter its sacred quarters, and then you can make all the sport you wish of what is going on in the House of Representatives or the Senate



Hon. Edward E. Browne
Rep. 8th Dist., Wis.

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It must not be inferred that the correspondents tell all they see and hear, to their respective newspapers. The information—not for publication—possessed by them, respecting legislation and legislators would fill many volumes.

"That's a fine speech," remarked one scribe to another in the gallery, as he indicated a congressman making an impassioned address to the House from notes which he held in his hand.

"Yes," nonchalantly replied the other.

"But you haven't listened to a word," he protested.

"Yes, I know—but I wrote it."

Many of the dignified Senators and Representatives are tagged with nick-names which make a mockery of their dignity. A certain Senator who is noted for his smooth, unguent ways is known to these Knights of the pen, as "Pussy-foot." Another is, "Moving Pictures." A congressman who wears a bushy beard is called "Zephyrs." Another member who dressed somewhat too immaculately was



THE CONGRESSIONAL PRESS GALLERY.

dubbed, "Glad-Rags." Two members who always entered the chamber together, soon got the sobriquet, "Twins." A few of the better known nick names are, "Gum Shoe," "Old Pitch-fork," "Sandy," "Uncle," "Joe C." and "Dandy."

The Press Gallery boys love to have their little jokes once in a while. A new member one day rose in his seat to deliver his maiden speech, when he was spied by an alert correspondent who saw a chance to enliven the proceedings of what had been an intolerably dull day. Seizing a pencil he hastily scribbled a note with the words, "Louder, please," and directed a page to hand it to the speaker. Whereupon the new representative raised his voice to a higher pitch. Again and again were new notes despatched with the same request, until the unsuspecting member was fairly shrieking his oration and perspiring at every pore with the effort, while the group of newspaper men in the gallery were almost exploding with suppressed laughter and merriment.

Some years ago, Representative Proctor



Hon. Joseph Taggart
Rep. 2nd Dist., Kan.



J. THOMAS HEFLIN, M. C.

'Way down South in Dixie lives the King of Cotton, sometimes called "Cotton Tom." Tom is all cotton and a yard wide. In the land of cotton all men cotton to him—and the women, too—for they know that he admires them too much to tarnish them with politics. His motto is—"Better than a gin fizz, is a cotton gin."

THE CONGRESSIONAL PRESS GALLERY.

Knott delivered a speech in Congress extolling the virtues of the City of Duluth in an exceedingly witty manner. A bright correspondent in the Press Gallery recognized its humorous quality and sent it broadcast throughout the country, and the next day Proctor Knott found himself famous. Congressman Samuel Sullivan Cox received the sobriquet "Sun-set" at the hands of a newspaper writer, and it stuck to him until he died.

It is quite a usual thing for Journalists when elected to Congress to avail themselves of the privileges of the Press Gallery to "work at the trade," as one of them once expressed it. The late Congressman Amos Cummings corresponded with a dozen of newspapers, while he represented his district in Congress, and he did exceedingly clever work in both capacities; and many an interesting book has been written by members who wrestled with legislative problems between the chapters.

The "Fourth Estate" is entitled to more credit than is usually given by the undiscerning public. Were it not for their tireless vigil-



Hon. Michael K. Reilly
Rep. 6th Dist., Wis.

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ance, many a questionable piece of legislation would be sneaked through Congress and many a fraud would go undetected. Many a lobbyist has had good reason to bewail the fact that there sat in the Press Gallery—

“A chiel amang ye takin’ notes,
And, faith, he’ll prent them.”

In these modern days, the Press Gallery is becoming a more important factor in legislation. The member who rises on the floor does not really speak to his fellow members. The speech is for the country. Before he begins every word has been in the correspondents’ hands, typewritten, and ready for transmission abroad to the readers of thousands of cities. Many of the members of Congress, doubtless would be quite content to have a speechless Congress; to run an eye over the printed remarks of a fellow member and gather in a few minutes the gist of what might take an hour to say. An astute British statesman of the last generation declared that not in fifty years had any speech changed a single vote in the House of Commons. Why not have a



Dr. Andrew J. Barchfeld
Rep. 32nd Dist., Penn.



THE CONGRESSIONAL PRESS GALLERY.

speechless Congress?—On second thoughts, however! this would never do. The women will soon appear in Congress and then—a speechless Congress?—perish the thought.

The Washington correspondents, taken collectively, are a jovial set, ever ready for a frolic, or a fun-fest, as they humorously term the banquets of their famous *Gridiron Club*.

This club was organized for the express purpose of trimming statesmen of their surplus dignity. It was noticed that a great many of the newly made dignitaries who were constantly arriving in Washington, held their heads abnormally high. The Gridiron Club was organized to correct this failing, thereby rendering a service to the dignitary in question, and to the public as well.

All is hilarity at these gatherings and no statesman is safe from raillery and good natured badinage.

If an invited guest fails to put in an appearance after receiving an invitation to attend the dinner, a substitute is rigged up in imitation, and after being properly introduced in the as-



Hon. Samuel A. Witherspoon
Rep. 5th Dist., Miss.



JAMES R. MANN, M. C.

Man's inhumanity to Mann—at the polls—has caused counted thousands of Republicans to mourn. To mourn, but not to weep; for, as the light doth shine within the eyes of their doughty warrior, who stands thus defiant, with battered sword erect, and eager for the fray, let no Democrat rejoice. If perchance, the Knights of the Donkey should blunder, as is often their wont, then will this valiant Knight, Sir Leader, smite them hip and thigh.

THE CONGRESSIONAL PRESS GALLERY.

sumed name, proceeds to deliver the speech which he considers the victim should have made. These substitute harangues put the most ridiculous sayings into the mouths of the imitation notable with the result of making everyone present indulge in the most uproarious laughter. And this is frequently done in the presence of the original of the counterfeit, who, to save his face, has to join in the spirit of the occasion and laugh at himself.

At some of the entertainments the walls are festooned with clever caricatures, trite inscriptions, and burlesque rhymes. An atmosphere of good nature pervades these gatherings and no man ever resents any burlesque of his personal traits, for the jibe is always devoid of malice or venom.

It is remarkable to what lengths the sedate and dignified statesmen at the Capital will go in search of the humorous side of life. Not long ago a public meeting was organized to debate pro and con on the following—"Resolved that a bandy-legged man is more of a hindrance to navigation than a bow-legged



Hon. Allen T. Treadway
Rep. 1st Dist., Mass.

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Hon. Louis C. Cramton
Rep. 7th Dist., Mich.

man." This brilliant and elucidating subject was debated for a couple of hours by the speaker of the House of Representatives and a couple of United States Senators, before a delighted audience composed largely of members of both houses of Congress and nearly all the correspondents of the Press Gallery—

A little nonsense now and then
Is good for boys and older men.



CHAPTER XVII

INAUGURATION DAY.



NEW significance was given to Inauguration day by Woodrow Wilson when he declared in his inaugural address that the ceremonies of the day meant "not a triumph, but a dedication." This lofty sentiment, which reflects so much credit upon the high character of the President, is unfortunately not fully shared by the victorious hosts who come to triumph and to shout "to the victors belong the spoils!"

March fourth means march forth in their vernacular and the old office-holders know it—when the hordes of office-seekers descend upon the White House, the President will know it also.

It is March the fourth in the morning—the day of days in Washington in Presidential year. Never was a school-boy happier when the circus came to town, than is the Washingtonian on this eventful day.

Almost half a million of people swarm the

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streets and avenues and every section of Uncle Sam's wide dominion is represented in the throngs.

The corridors and lobbies of the big hotels are crowded to repletion. Men who look like statesmen, men who look like somebodies, and their wives, sisters and aunts, are bustling about, eager to join the multitudes on their way to the reviewing stands.

The streets and avenues are reverberant with the music of the bands which head the visiting delegations, and the very air is permeated with patriotism. Even the restaurants have caught the fever. They have covered up their wall price-lists with American flags in their zeal for patriotism—or profit. Under the protection of the flag they are enabled to double their prices for steaks, chops and pie. Great is the power of “old glory.”



No city in the world handles a big event as well as Washington does the celebration of Inauguration day.

The police arrangements are perfect. Early in the day of March the fourth a number of

SENATOR CARROLL S. PAGE.

The Senator from the Green Mountain State is the oldest Page in the Senate. But there are Pages and pages. The more youthful pages are quite respectful to the Vermont Senator, as he is well known as a large dealer in hides—calves hides. In Tariff debates he valiantly upholds the rights of the humble calf. His motto is—"A good Page should not be turned down, it should be marked."



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teamsters with their wagons and gangs of negroes appear along the avenue of the big parade. These men unloosen small, circular iron covers from holes placed along the curb and throw them into the wagons. White enameled posts of iron are then taken from the wagons and placed in these holes, after which wire rope is stretched through rings at the tops of the posts for the entire length of the parade route. This forms an impregnable barrier to the crowds along the pavement during the parade. Street-car traffic is wholly suspended for the day, and the beautifully paved avenue is as clean as cleaners can make it. All over the city are to be found public-spirited citizens, wearing red badges, who have volunteered their services to render any assistance required by visitors respecting the location of hotels, railway stations, street-cars and any other information requested.

In the windows of the shops along the avenue are to be seen copies of Police rules respecting the proper fare to be paid to Taxi-Cab drivers, Sight-Seeing Automobiles, etc.; warn-

INAUGURATION DAY.

ings against pickpockets and hotel sneak-thieves; penalties for overcharges and many other things of vital interest to the visiting stranger.

The Governor of a big State gives a reception to the visitors from his State. The Congressional delegation from his State attends in a body, accompanied by the political "Boss" who holds the political destinies of the aforesaid Governor in the palm of his capacious hand. He wears an expansive smile. He has just landed a fat job for a henchman. For a wonder, there is no rain. It usually rains—when it doesn't snow—in Washington on Inauguration day.

Pennsylvania avenue is jammed with people moving toward the Capitol. The "Avenue," as it is called by everyone, does not lend itself readily to decoration. Its private buildings are generally insignificant in size and the great width of the thoroughfare tends to make them more so. The public buildings are magnificent, notably the grand Treasury building—the finest model of Greek architecture in the world.



Hon. Daniel J. McGillicuddy
Rep. 2nd Dist., Me.

THE CAPITAL.

But its noble Doric pillars are never successfully decorated with cheap bunting.

Great numbers of stands line the avenue on both sides. It is scarcely ten o'clock and they are already filled. Every available window has been rented for the occasion and they are also crowded. At ten-thirty an automobile rolls into the White House grounds and on arrival at the entrance to the Executive Mansion, a well-known Statesman steps out and hurries within, followed by several others. Shortly after an imposing pair of closely-clipped horses attached to a landau appear. Inside is the President-elect, accompanied by a well known Senator and a prospective member of his Cabinet. Also two quiet looking gentlemen who appear to be strangers to all but the President-elect. He knows them to be secret service detectives.

The party at once proceeds to the Blue Room, where they receive the President's greetings.

The President's carriage now draws up to the door and hasty preparations are made to start for the Capitol.

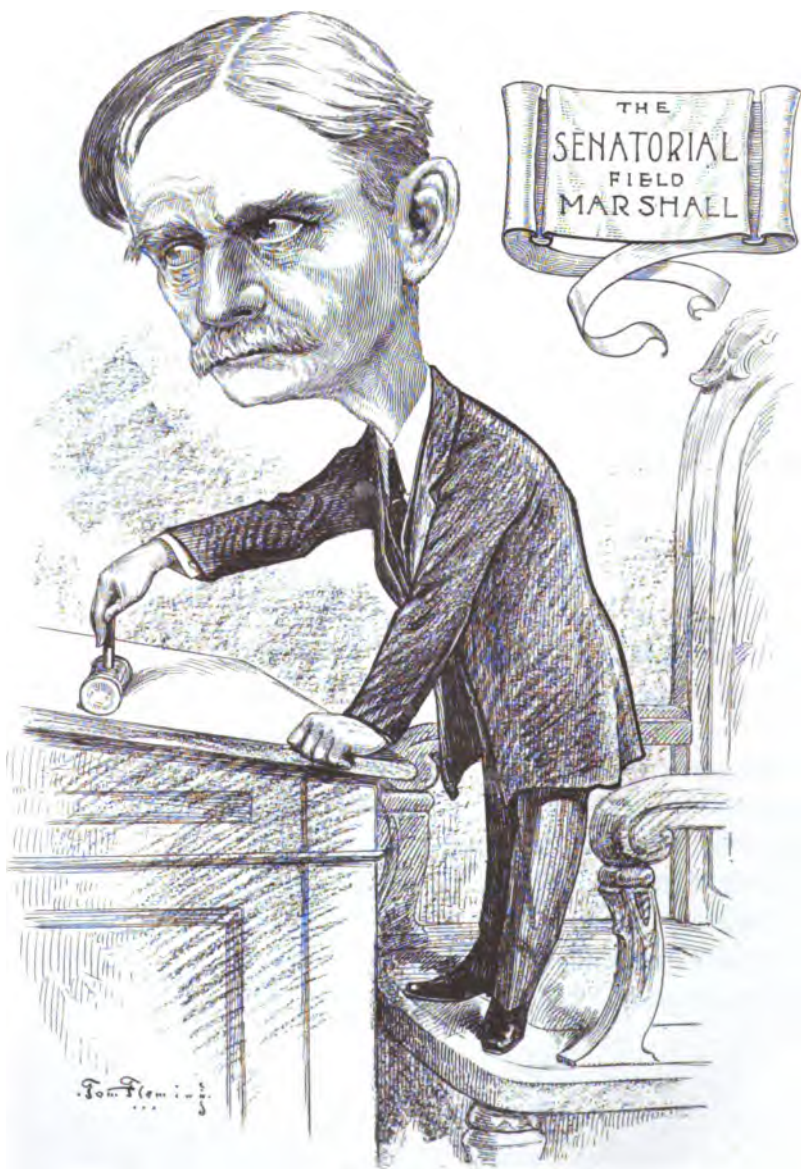
INAUGURATION DAY.

Finally the President, according to etiquette, enters the carriage first and takes the place of honor on the right. The President-elect follows immediately and takes a seat on the left.

At eleven-thirty the Presidential party arrives at the Capitol, after a somewhat spectacular ride up Pennsylvania avenue, escorted by the Essex Troop of New Jersey. Upon arrival, the great bronze doors are thrown open, and the President, his successor and their escorting committee, enter. They proceed at once to the Senate chamber, and upon entering, the entire audience on the floor and in the galleries arise and remain standing. It is a scene calculated to impress the beholder. The Senate Chamber, flooded with softened sunlight that comes through the ground glass roof above, the dignified officers of state in their respective places, the diplomatic corps, resplendent in their showy uniforms, the eager and expectant assemblage crowded into every possible nook and corner of the Chamber, make a picture not soon to be effaced from the memory.

The ceremonies are dignified, but brief. The





THOMAS RILEY MARSHALL.

Tom Marshall does not sit in the Vice-President's chair—he stands on it. This is characteristic of him. He's a militant Vice-President. The reason is quite apparent—'tis the Irish in his middle name. He's a natural born fighter as a result of that middle name—was there ever an Irishman that couldn't fight in a just cause? His motto is—"Every great commander knows the value of a competent Marshall."

INAUGURATION DAY.

President delivers a short address. The President-elect does likewise. Both are most felicitous and happy in their expressions of good-will and good-cheer.

After the conclusion of the Chaplain's invocation, the throng of officials, preceded by the dignitaries of the Supreme Court in an array of silken robes, observing strictly the customary rules of precedence, file out into the corridor, thence to the rotunda and to the Presidential stand amid the plaudits and cheers of the waiting multitude.

The President, the President that is to be, and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court occupy the centre of the stand facing the vast sea of faces eager with expectancy.

A Bible is handed to the Chief Justice, who in a clear, distinct voice administers the oath of office to the new President. A salvo of cheers mingled with the roar of the salute of the cannons follows, during which the new President advances to the rail and commences the delivery of his inaugural address, after which the President and the ex-President enter their carriage.



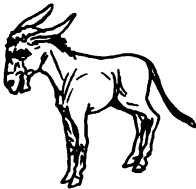
Hon. Henry L. Meyers
U. S. Senator, Mont.

THE CAPITAL.

This time the President sits on the right and the ex-President on the left hand side as the parade to the White House begins.



As far as the eye can reach, appears a solid mass of humanity which lines both sides of Pennsylvania avenue. Every available space is occupied; on the roofs, in the windows and along the pavement the crowd is packed to repletion. As the Essex Troop of New Jersey, which the people know to be the new President's escort, appears in the distance a muffled roar of applause is heard. Soon the carriage containing the ex-President and the President is seen. It is now noticed that the new President is seated on the right hand side. He bows continually to the hearty applause and shouts of good-will from the spectators and his broad, expansive smile is working overtime. It is a particularly fine parade and the remark is frequently heard "It is the best Inaugural parade ever beheld."



When the Presidential carriage reaches the White House grounds the President takes his stand at the Court of Honor where he reviews

INAUGURATION DAY.

the passing delegations who cheer themselves hoarse as they catch sight of the handsome-homely face of the man they helped to elect as the chief Magistrate of the nation.

At nightfall the city is ablaze with illumination from thousands of electric-light bulbs attached to wires which cross and recross the avenue. The dome of the Capitol, as one looks down the avenue from the Treasury building, looks resplendent with the flashed light from the powerful electric search-lights cast upon it from the adjacent park; and the sharply defined lines of the illuminated Washington monument pierce the sombre sky like some huge symbol of welcome to the thousands of strangers within the Inaugural city.

It is a gala night, indeed. The crowd has come to celebrate and the spirit of carnival is abroad. But it is patriotic carnival in perfect consonance with the spirit of the new President's dictum that the day is one to "Dedicate, rather than one to celebrate." It was for this reason that the Inaugural Ball is interdicted. The idea of disrupting the routine of the busy





Macbeth
California.
"and damn'd be
him that first
cries, 'Hold,
Enough!'"
—

Tom Fleming.

SENATOR JOHN D. WORKS.

What a piece of man is Works! California never had a more defiant Senator. A veritable Macbeth. He bids defiance to the newspapers. His defi is patterned after Shakespeare's tragic Scot—"Damned be him who first cries, 'Hold, Enough!'" His motto is—"I'm the whole Works."

INAUGURATION DAY.

Pension Bureau that an exhibition of "Turkey-Trots" and "Bunny Hugs" might be given in the big brick building, does not meet with the approval of the dignified new President and it is abandoned.

The citizens of Washington, however, compensate for the loss of the Ball by providing a most elaborate Fire-works display in the park back of the White House. The night is fine and the crowds come early. Everybody seems to be in a most happy mood and to most thoroughly enjoy the spectacle and what seems most singular everybody apparently belongs to the winning party. Probably this is why everybody is happy and good natured.

As the midnight hour approaches the crowds hasten to their hotels—those who have not already skurried to the outgoing trains—and Washington's quadriennial spree is over.



Hon. Charles H. Sloan
Rep. 4th Dist., Neb.

CHAPTER XVIII

A RAMBLE AMONG THE HOTELS.



EARLY every appellation the dictionary affords seems to have been utilized in furnishing names for the myriads of Hotels, Inns and Taverns of the Capital. But withal no one has seen fit to preempt the title "India Rubber House," which would be singularly appropriate for a Washington Hotel. For elasticity, the Hotels of other cities do not compare. Rooms built to accommodate two persons have been known to contain half a dozen on occasion. And as for rates, rubber makes a poor simile to point a comparison. Prices enumerated on Bills of Fare, Menus, etc., have been known to stretch to quadruple proportions over night.



A couple of guests were once observed leaving a swell hostelry scanning and scowling at a bill they had just paid. As they hurried along the avenue on their way to the Union Station the one with the bill exclaimed,

"The robbers!—God will punish them for this."

A RAMBLE AMONG THE HOTELS.

"God has punished them already," replied his partner. "I've got their silver spoons in my satchel."

Regarding the nomenclature of the Hotels it has lately become a fad for the more exclusive set to designate their artistocratic quarters as "Inns" and "Taverns." One very select hostelry has adopted an old colonial sign board which informs the weary traveler that "entertainment is to be had for man and beast." Presumably the word "beast" means "automobile" in these degenerate days.

In no other city are Hotels so well patronized as in Washington. Probably nine-tenths of the visitors are entertained by public houses. The result is seen in the particularly cheerful and entertaining atmosphere which always pervades these hostelries.

After nightfall the Lobbies are crowded with guests who have come to the city for a short stay and are on the qui vive for excitement. It is here they meet their Congressman, whom they importune for passes to the congressional galleries; introductory letters, to important de-



THE CAPITAL.



Hon. James A. Hamill
Rep. 12th Dist., N. J.

partmental chiefs, or invitations to White House receptions. This of course adds to the gayety of the Congressman's life—"but that's what he's elected for," they say.

Many of the lawmakers have their private offices installed in the Hotels at which they reside. Here they transact business in the evenings. Their private secretaries typewrite letters to constituents at home and later in the evening they will be seen conveying armfuls of franked letters which they dump into the mail boxes, before retiring for the night.

The wide diversity of localities from which visitors come is a distinctive feature of life at the Washington Hotel. Here you will find the man from Alaska hob-nobbing with the New Englander; and the Army officer who has just come from the Phillipines to report at the War Department. A deputation of Chinese mandarins stopped at the Raleigh not long since. After signing their names as guests, the registry resembled a collection of laundry checks.

The high grade apartment hotel, aristocratic and exclusive, is particularly unique to the Na-

PENN-ROSE OF PENN-SYLVANIA.

One of the boys of the Quaker city is Boies. An expert machinist, he knows the value of oil as a lubricant. His wonderful Penn-sylvania machine is proof of this. But, alas, one day a rampant Bull Moose broke into his machine shop and completely wrecked his beautiful machine. When the too strenuous Bull Moose met with disaster, Boies was as jubilant as his damaged condition would permit. His motto is—"A rose by any other name than Pen will never do."



THE CAPITAL.

tional Capital. Here the wealthy and opulent reside. Here are to be found all the attributes of wealth and refinement. Servants in livery, waiters trained in obsequiousness; dining rooms where invisible orchestras dispense the melodies of Chopin and Schubert, and where the cuisine is irreproachable, leaving absolutely nothing to be desired by the most exacting guest. These aristocratic establishments are always well patronized by the very wealthy who, in great numbers reside in Washington on account of its many alluring social features. The cream of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston society is to be found here in the height of the season, and the most elegant entertainments are of nightly occurrence. This is the sort of poison that gets into the Congressman's blood when he finds fault with Uncle Sam's meagre \$7,500 a year salary allowance.

The lobbies of the big hotels are the most entertaining places imaginable during the sessions of Congress. Assembled in groups are

A RAMBLE AMONG THE HOTELS.

men well known in public life; men who bulk large in the affairs of the nation.

At the New Willard, life takes on an eternal holiday aspect that never seems to lag. Everyone moves about with the alacrity of expectancy. Party after party emerges from the elevators as they descend into the lobby and the swish of silken skirts betoken some social affair of an unusual kind as group after group make their way through the ladies' exit to the awaiting Limousines. Senator Martine, with a bevy of ladies, is often a familiar sight at the door awaiting the arrival of his car. The Senator is very popular, socially. Soon the lobby is crowded and the air becomes redolent with the delicate perfumes of bouquets despite the clouds of tobacco smoke about, for men are prone to smoke tobacco every time they group by themselves, and the presence of ladies never seems to deter them.

Senator Kern enters alone. He has just put in a strenuous day in the Senate chamber and he looks somewhat fatigued. Like all influential men in Washington he is besieged with



THE CAPITAL.



Hon. Percy E. Quinn
Rep. 7th Dist., Miss.

office-seekers. A group of Indianians surround him and importune him, but he never relaxes his pleasant smile and when one of the group hands him a long stogie to smoke, at the termination of an interview, he holds it unlighted in his hand, while he pump-handles his visitors good-bye. Absent-mindedly he puts the stogie in his pocket, and taking a few steps over to the cigar counter, lights a cigar. As he turns about with the cigar between his teeth it is noticed that it is not the stogie he is smoking—the Senator smokes *good* cigars.



Hon. Charles A. Culberson
U. S. Senator, Texas

Senator Culberson, the genial Texan who looks like an old Roman Senator translated to the Twentieth century, is engaged in an earnest conversation with Secretary Bryan. They attract everyone's attention although seated in an obscure corner.

Senator Lodge suddenly appears from within the crowd. He looks entirely different from what he appeared in the morning session in the Senate chamber. There he appeared in a sack coat and not at all fastidious looking in dress, or deportment. Now he is arrayed in a remark-

SENATOR WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH.

The Senator who conducted the Titanic disaster investigation asked so many questions about icebergs and things that the Britons thought him a goose—but he was not—he was a Michi-gander. The fact was, he had to delve deep to get at the truth which was at the bottom of the ocean. His motto is—"For ships that pass in the night, an iceberg is not a nice berg."



THE CAPITAL.

bly well fitting tuxedo suit with a black top-coat over his arm, and an opera crush-hat over his ambrosial locks. He is accompanied by a coterie of society buds with heavy opera cloaks over their shapely shoulders. The Senator is evidently as much at home at a society function as he is in a heated debate on the floor of the Senate.



"Mister Smith!—Mister Smith!" cries a page as he darts about the lobby, looking in every direction and at every face. "Mister Smith!" he again cries. Finally *Senator* Smith, of Michigan, leaps to his feet from a corner where he was deeply engrossed in a conversation with a friend, and at the beckon of the page hastens to the Telephone booth near by.

The pages know nothing of titles or embellishments of names other than "Mister." This sounds odd in a place where distinctive titles seem so plentiful.

It is very amusing to see how shy Congressmen are of visits from women, since the female suffrage movement has started in. A deputa-

A RAMBLE AMONG THE HOTELS.

tion of School-teachers from a western state, called at the Shoreham Hotel one evening to interview their Congressman on a little matter relating to the placing of a captured cannon in front of a school-house. There was never a thought of suffrage, yet it was said the Congressman spent a most unpleasant evening dodging them.

It is at the New National Hotel on Pennsylvania avenue that one gets in touch with the Southern element. If the weather is warm and balmy, they congregate in the sunlight in front. But should it be somewhat cool they retreat to the warm lobby within. A temperature of 30 degrees fahrenheit is an arctic cold wave to the man from Dixie; but for warm-hearted sociability and companionship the Southern visitor far surpasses his northern brother, and it's extremely likely that before you've known him five minutes he'll offer you a cigar, or invite you to join him in a mint-julep,—or a softer beverage, if you prefer.—Such is southern hospitality.

In the basement of the Ebbitt Hotel there is



THE CAPITAL.



Hon. James M. Gudger, Jr.
Rep. 10th Dist., N. C.

an artistically constructed "Rathskeller"; just such a one as you will find in Munich or Berlin, where German beers and light wines are served. Several of the other first grade hotels are somewhat similarly equipped. The installation of these modern German "Rathskellers" and "Bier Stubes" are a distinct improvement on the old time Saloon which used to be such a feature in hotels. The drinking of whiskey and other ardent spirits is fast giving way to the consumption of light wines and wholesome beers. This is true temperance. If mankind must drink let the beverage be the comparatively harmless "Pilsner" or the "Johannisberger" wines which are not as harmful as the immoderate use of tea or coffee, and which are certainly less dangerous than many of the so-called temperance drinks now so much in vogue in the Southern states since the prohibition laws have been instituted.

Human nature demands some outlet for its appetites and passions and unduly repressive laws only tend to aggravate the evils of intemperance and immorality. The Prohibitionist is



COUNT JOHANN VON BERNSTORFF.

The German Ambassador is a great Diplomat. The Count has made the American and German Eagles the best of friends. "Hoch the Kaiser!" screams the Bald Eagle. "Rah for Wilson!" echoes the black Eagle. The diplomatic Count will soon have them screeching the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Die Wacht am Rhein" in unison. His motto is—"The best diplomacy is 'Made in Germany.'"



THE CAPITAL.



Hon. William H. Bixley
Chief Engineer, War Dept.

like the man who blew out the gas in his hotel room.—But the gas continued on the job, nevertheless.

It must be admitted, however, that since Secretary Bryan has started the fashion of giving “dry dinners” diplomatic secrets are much safer, as it is a well known truism that, “when wine is in, secrets are out.”

The cuisine of the Washington Hotels is unsurpassed for variety. We hear a lot about the superior quality of French cookery, but if you have ever tasted fried chicken, with corn fritters, Maryland style, (remember Washington is in Maryland) you will vote it one of the finest dishes in the world; while the oysters, ducks, and terrapin are unequalled in any clime. As for planked shad,—has it got a rival anywhere?

Why do Americans tolerate the abominable, half-baked imitations of foreign cookery when they have such a wealth of good things to eat in their own American dishes.

The New England boiled dinner is a national culinary gem of which any country might be proud. So is roast turkey, so are codfish cakes,

A RAMBLE AMONG THE HOTELS.

while American baked beans are certainly unique in the civilized world. As for Johnny-corn-cake, buckwheat cakes, with fragrant sausage; or wheat cakes, with maple syrup—how can you beat them?

We need a revival of the good old native American cookery of our mothers—don't you think so, reader?



Hon. J. Hampton Moore
Rep. 3rd Dist., Penn.



CHAPTER XIX

THE SUPREME COURT.



THE Supreme Court of the United States is the Constitutional yardstick of the Republic. By it are measured the laws passed by Congress and there is no appeal from the decision. No other court has ever been invested with such far-reaching authority. It is the bulwark of the Constitution. It is the most powerful factor in the American government and the greatest judicial organization in the world. The highest English judicial dignitary can be removed by the King, upon the request of Parliament. A justice of the Supreme Court of the United States can only be removed upon conviction for "high crimes and misdemeanors."

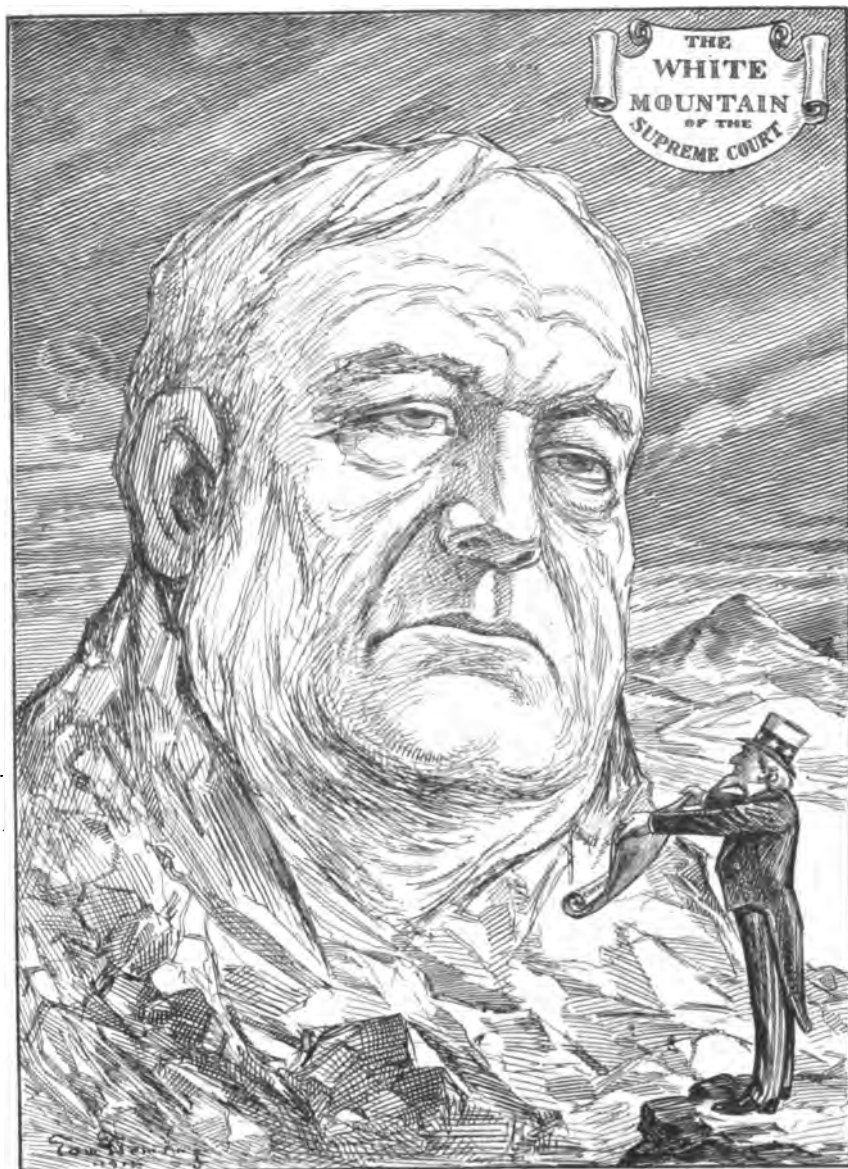
Decisions of the Supreme Court have often been complained of, and its judgment and wisdom called into question, but no one has ever questioned the integrity and sincerity of the men who constitute it.

It has been termed the aristocratic branch of



EDWARD DOUGLASS WHITE.

A big man—physically, mentally and legally, is Chief Justice White. He bulks large in the legal world. The great White Mountain stands as a landmark amid the towering peaks of the United States Supreme Court. Like Mahomet, Uncle Sam oft goes to this mountain for interpretations of laws that menace his constitution. The Chief Justice is the White-way of the Supreme Court.



THE CAPITAL.



Hon. Thomas B. Catron
U. S. Senator, N. M.

the government, but in truth it is the most democratic, as it represents the whole country, and the people in their entirety; while Congressmen represent their districts, and Senators their states.

The sightseer in Washington accustomed to the turbulent scenes in the Congressional chamber, is overcome with awe by the solemn dignity of the proceedings in the sombre Supreme Court chamber. The nine black-robed and sober-visaged justices make a most impressive picture and convey to the visitor an impression of eminent dignity fully in keeping with the traditions that hover over the Supreme bench. Yet when you meet them in the corridors of the Capitol at close range, you find that they are interestingly human.

The sessions of the Supreme Court are held from October to June. Five days of the week are devoted to the hearing of cases and the handing down of decisions. Saturday is set aside as consultation day.

At 12 o'clock noon, a passageway across the corridor is roped off with silken cords, and the

THE SUPREME COURT.

court, headed by the Chief Justice, march with solemn tread into the court chamber and take their respective places on the "bench." The Chief Justice sits in the middle, and the others sit on his right and left in the order of their appointment.

The black gowns worn by the justices were the subject of considerable discussion before they were adopted in 1789. Thomas Jefferson in discussing the question exclaimed, "For Heaven's sake discard the monstrous wig which makes the English judges look like rats peeping through bunches of oakum!"

The general impression is that the Supreme Court is owl-like and has no sense of humor. But such is not the case. An eminent attorney was once addressing the court on a case involving the validity of a patent respecting a collar button, when one of the justices blandly inquired, "whether a man could recover a collar button that had rolled under a bureau, without swearing?"

Conspicuous public service of some kind is a requisite for selection to a position on the Su-



Hon. Ellsworth Bathrock
Rep. 19th Dist., Ohio



SENATOR AUGUSTUS OCTAVIUS BACON.

Lord Bacon, of Macon, is one of the bright lights of the American House of Lords. On clear days when the sun is shining into the Senate Chamber, his shiny pate reflects an effulgence of brightness pleasing to behold. In this respect he greatly resembles Shakespeare, who was also possessed of a bright, bald head. According to the Baconites, Shakespeare is only a nom de plume for Bacon. But the Senator is far too modest to put forth such a claim. He contents himself with voluminous extracts from the Lord's immortal works from time to time; one of his favorite quotations being—"What's in a name? A negrose by any other name would smell as sweet." Bacon was named Augustus Octavius, after the famous nephew of Julius Caesar, which probably accounts for the motto he has adopted as his own. Aut Cæsar (Augustus Octavius), Aut Nullis. Which translated properly reads—"Render unto Augustus Octavius all things which are Cæsar's."

THE SUPREME COURT.

preme bench. Chief Justice White had a long and honorable record before he was called to the Supreme court. He comes from a family famous in Louisiana history. His grandfather, James White, was a judge. His father, Edward White, was Congressman, and afterwards Governor of Louisiana. He is now nearly seventy years of age. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was in the Confederate army. After the war he served as state senator, and later as judge of the Supreme Court of Louisiana. In 1890, he was elected to the United States Senate and in 1894 was appointed to the Supreme Court by President Cleveland. Two years ago he was elevated to the high post of Chief Justice by President Taft. Personally he is a veritable mountain of a man; big in frame, and massive in intellect.

Clad in the sombre robes of his office he looks the typical judge. On the street, and in the privacy of his home, he is most affable and democratic. He is a many-sided man to those who know him intimately, being an ardent baseball "fan" who rarely misses an opportunity to



Hon. Martin A. Morrison
Rep. 9th Dist., Ind.

JAMES CLARK McREYNOLDS.

Of all the birds of the air none can compare with Uncle Sam's Eagle. On all the coins; at the crest of every flag staff; and in some shape on all the public buildings, is to be found the effigy of the Bird of Freedom. "The eagle's eye," "the eagle's ferocity," "the eagle's swiftness of wing," "the eagle's claws" and "the eagle's daring," are all symbols of success. These attributes are all possessed by the new Attorney General in President Wilson's Cabinet, and it behooves the predatory prowlers known variously as "Combinations in restraint of trade," "Illegally constituted corporations," and "Monopolistic trusts" to take to cover, for an eagle eye is searching the landscape and they are in imminent danger of being swooped down upon and annihilated, for the new Attorney General is a bird. His motto is—"The best X raise is a gold eagle."



THE CAPITAL.



Hon. Solomon F. Prouty
Rep. 7th Dist., Iowa

From Wyoming comes Associate Justice Willis Van Devanter. Of medium height, olive skin, dark, hazel eyes that sparkle with animation, and raven black hair rebelliously turning gray; his whole bearing comports perfectly with the ideal of an eminent judge. It was he who devised the plan of opening Indian reservations to settlers by means of drawing lots instead of the mad scramble which used to be in vogue and which caused so much litigation when government land was thrown open for settlement. By reason of his great familiarity with the conditions existing in the newer states, he is considered a great acquisition to the Supreme Bench.

Associate Justice Horace H. Lurton is from Tennessee. He was in the Confederate army during the civil war, but that is another story. He was so highly esteemed by his old colleague in the Federal judiciary, President Taft, that the latter appointed him to a seat in the highest court in the land. He is very fond of fishing as a diversion, and on pleasant days, when his legal duties are not too pressing, can be seen

THE SUPREME COURT.

along the banks of the upper Potomac in pursuit of the wily bass and pickerel.

The State of Ohio furnishes a fine specimen of legal ability in the person of Justice William R. Day. He was Secretary of State during the war with Spain. When the Treaty of Peace was negotiated, he was a member of the Peace commission. He is slight of figure, with the head of a typical jurist.

Justice Joseph McKenna hails from California. Like Chief Justice White, he is an ardent Catholic. In early life he studied for the priesthood but later on changed his mind to become a lawyer. With his closely cropped beard, black stock, and dignified air he resembles an old time statesman. He is a crack shot with a fowling piece and is very fond of hunting.

The most famous name on the roll of the Supreme Court is that of the author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," which is now bourned by his son, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. As he walks along Pennsylvania avenue you would at once proclaim him a soldier.



Hon. Everis A. Hayes
Rep. 8th Dist., Cal.

THE CAPITAL.



Hon. Oscar Calloway
Rep. 12th Dist., Texas

His tall, erect figure; his fierce white military mustache; his long, regulation step and martial bearing stamps him as a militant. He was a Union soldier all through the Civil war.

The newest Justice is Mahlon Pitney, who was chancellor of the Supreme Court of New Jersey when he was appointed to the Supreme bench by President Taft. It is said by his intimates that he possesses the three requisites of an eminent lawyer—splendid memory, clear perception, and a logic mind.

The present Supreme Court is largely made up of young men. Lamar, Van Devanter, and Hughes are comparatively young, the last named being born in 1862.

The Supreme Court room is the most historic room in the Capitol. It was here that Thomas Jefferson, the first President to be inaugurated at the Capitol, took the oath of office and delivered his inaugural address. On this occasion, John Adams rudely left the city before his successor had been installed. No other President ever acted so churlishly.

Here the Treaty with Napoleon, by which

THE CAPITAL



Hon. William E. Humphreys
Rep. 1st Dist., Wash.

we acquired the Louisiana Territory, was ratified by the Senate which sat in this chamber in 1803. Here was declared the war with Great Britain in 1812. In 1823 the famous "Monroe Doctrine" was enacted, and some years later a war was declared with Mexico, while the Senate occupied this famous hall.



CHAPTER XX

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.



It can be truly said that the Library of Congress is a thing of beauty and a joy for all time. It is more than a merely beautiful building—it is an architectural jewel.

When Admiral Cockburn, the cocky British Admiral strutted up the steps to the chair of the Speaker of the House of Representatives in 1814, and maliciously ordered the destruction of all the fine books and rare manuscripts which then constituted the original Library of Congress, George Washington had been dead some fourteen years, or he might have paid dearly for his cowardly act of vandalism.

Established in 1802, by the purchase of some three thousand books, the Congressional Library now, in 1913, numbers over Two million volumes and is increasing at an average rate of Eighty-eight thousand volumes a year.

The Library building is so grand in conception and in execution, and so thoroughly artistic in tone that you instinctively take off your



Hon. Ladislas Lazaro
Rep. 7th Dist., La.

THE CAPITAL.

hat upon entering. (Ladies will please understand that this is mere metaphor so far as *their* hats are concerned).



It is the most beautiful building of its kind in the world, and cost Uncle Sam Six million and twenty-seven thousand, one hundred and twenty-four dollars and fifty cents.

These figures, being from official sources, are reliable. In regard to that fifty-four cents—that is presumed to be the amount requisitioned to cover the cost of the beautiful medal worn by the courteous official who guards the big doorway at the entrance.

Eight years were consumed in its construction, and in 1897 when the building was declared finished, there was on hand an unexpended balance of three hundred and fourteen thousand, four hundred and fifty-two dollars and two cents out of the amount appropriated by Congress for its completion.

This reflects very seriously on its constructor, Mr. Edward Pearce Casey. According to the methods in vogue in most municipalities, such a structure would consume three times

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

eight years in construction and instead of a balance of the original appropriation being left, there would be bills for extra work to the tune of a couple of millions.

The building is of the Italian renaissance style of architecture. There will be almost one hundred miles of shelving when fully completed, with a capacity of almost five million volumes. Nearly two thousand windows render it the best lighted library in the world.

On the ground floor are the copyright office, reading room for the blind, and superintendent's office.

From the circular desk in the Rotunda a perfect system of pneumatic tubes and telephones connects with the Capitol. Books for congressmen are conveyed by cable through an underground tunnel.

The library covers three and three-quarters of an acre of ground.

The bronze fountain at the entrance, is by Hinton Perry. It represents the *Court of Neptune*. As many of the books in this Two million volume collection are dry reading, the ap-



Hon. Robert J. Bulkley
Rep. 21st Dist., Ohio



AUGUSTUS PEABODY GARDNER, M. C.

Gardener Gardner's Massachusetts garden is a model in its way. His prize plant was a gorgeous "Massachusetts Gubernatorial Flower" which promised to be the gem of his garden, but—alas! an untimely November frost nipped it in the bud. His motto is—"In Sacred Cod we trust."

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

propriateness of Perry's subject is plainly apparent.

The decorations, which excite universal admiration, are wholly the work of American sculptors and painters.

The Central Stair Hall with its highly polished Italian marble stairway, so beautiful that you involuntarily stop in silent admiration of its grandeur and magnificence, is unequalled by any other entrance hall in the world. Exquisitely carved marble balustrades leading up the broad steps, carry the eye up to a skylight seventy-two feet above the floor, producing an architectural effect which is truly enchanting.

Elihu Vedder's beautiful mosaic of Minerva; advantageously placed for close scrutiny on the wall of the stairway landing, never fails to attract the attention of the visitor. The legend depicted runs—"Nil invita Minerva quae Monumentum aere perennius exegit."—"Minerva at her best, built this monument, more enduring than bronze."

The Representatives' reading room, which is sure to attract your attention as you pass



Hon. Winfield S. Hammond
Rep. 2nd Dist., Minn.

THE CAPITAL.



Hon. Charles B. Smith
Rep. 41st Dist., N. Y.

through the corridor leading to the Newspaper reading room, is worth more than a passing glance. Here are to be found the famous Italian marble mantels; the finest and most beautiful adornments of the Library building.

Five well executed paintings by Vedder, decorate the Lobby to the reading room; Government, Good Administration, Peace and Prosperity, Corrupt Legislation, and Anarchy. They will all repay the closest study, particularly the last named; which represents Anarchy holding aloft the flaming scroll of the Constitution, amid universal wreck and ruin; with a lighted bomb at her feet. The stupidest anarchist can read this lesson.

These exquisite decorative paintings are uniformly beautiful. Dear reader, take time to examine them,—and then swell yourself up with pride at the thought that they are all the work of Americans.

The Visitors Gallery presents a point of vantage from which to view the magnificent rotunda reading room. Here you will see some of the most eminent men in the Capital seated

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

at the tables which are arranged in circular form around the circular desk. A glance around the gallery will probably rivet your eyes on some of the beautiful bronze statues of representative characters distinguished in various fields of learning and achievement. There are sixteen of these statues.

After you get tired of viewing this interesting scene from the gallery you can step down stairs, enter the reading room and call for any one of the millions of books, walk over to one of the green covered tables and read till your eyes ache. But if you wish to take a book out, you will have to go home, run for Congress, and get elected; or secure some official position; for the books cannot be taken out by any one who is not a President, member of the Supreme Court, or of Congress, or a Government Official.

The finest newspaper reading room in the world is to be found in the southern wing of the Library building. Here are to be found newspapers from every section of the United States and visitors invariably hasten to the files de-



Hon. William B. Francis
Rep. 16th Dist., Ohio

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Hon. Lathrop Brown
Rep. 1st Dist., N. Y.

voted to their home states to ascertain what has been happening since they have left. During the session, there is not a Congressman who is not a frequent visitor to this room, to consult the files of his home paper and thereby keep in touch with the sentiment in his home-town; as the Congressman's term is only two years, he must of necessity be on the qui vive to watch for developments that might indicate a breaking down of his political fences at home.

One of the most interesting of rooms is the one devoted to a large collection of books printed when the art of printing was in its infancy. There are arranged in a long series of glass cases, books printed in the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Fine examples of Guttenburg, Faust, Schoffer, Caxton and Wenkyn de Worde are to be seen here. These old printed pages date from a long distant time, when books were so valuable they were chained securely to the great book-shelves still to be found in the ancient libraries.

In a somewhat earlier age, the renowned Alcuinus looked upon the chained volumes in

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Andrew Carnegie is a Washingtonian, not by birth, but by subpoena. Congress is much worried lest the old man should give away ALL his money, so he is investigated and examined periodically by their various committees. But they needn't worry, and get wrinkles. A Scot is an adept at Highland flings—but not at money flings; and Andy is a Scot. His motto is—"Money has wings; tie a string to it."

THROWING AWAY
MONEY



THE CAPITAL.



Hon. Asher C. Hinds
Rep. 1st Dist., Me.

the old cathedral library at York in those days of literary darkness and wrote—

“There thou shalt find the volumes that contain
All the ancient fathers who remain;
There all the Latin writers make their home
With those that glorious Greece transferred
to Rome—

The Hebrews draw from their celestial
stream,

And Africa is bright with learning’s beam.”

With what pious regard did this refined scholar of medieval times commune with his beloved “masters of old lore,” as he affectionately termed them.

One afternoon, while seated on one of the polished mahogany benches at the base of the magnificent marble staircase in the Grand Stair Hall, I noticed a little old gentleman enter, accompanied by a small party. As he took his seat by my side, I at once recognized the well known features of that great connoisseur in Libraries, Andrew Carnegie. Not a word did he utter, as he intently admired the beautiful marble columns, polished balustrades, artistic

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mosaics and masterly executed decorative paintings which combine to give to it its beautiful character. As a citizen of the Republic, it was his to admire; but no more than mine. In fancy, how easy it was to imagine myself a plutocrat. Everything in this magnificent structure was mine to command. If I had built the edifice, and had spent millions to clothe its miles of shelving with volumes, I could not enjoy it more. An hour previously I had been browsing through its wealth of fine books, and had been shown as much courtesy and attention as though I had owned the Library. How much more could the little Scotch millionaire do? My dream was over, however, when I reached the street, and instinctively felt in my pocket for a nickel with which to pay my trolley-fare back to my hotel, while Andy swept by in his magnificent limousine.



Hon. Walter M. Chandler
Rep. 19th Dist., N. Y.



CHAPTER XXI

THE NEW NATIONAL MUSEUM.



SEE - THINGS - QUICK visitor never appreciates the exquisite beauty which makes Washington the finest city in the world in grace and nobility of outline and proportion. Even as she awaits the consummation of the majestic Commission plan, she presents a spectacle of unique attractiveness and alluring beauty.

The Commission plan involves a comprehensive park program which will include rows of public buildings, each one with a distinct individuality, and yet all of the same classic type of architecture. Already the first structure is in place on the north side of the Mall—The New National Museum.

This beautiful and ornate structure, whose construction was authorized by Congress in 1904, at a cost of over three million dollars, is a magnet which draws all the sightseers who come to the Capital.



THE NEW NATIONAL MUSEUM.

The museum has a frontage of five hundred and sixty-one feet and a depth of three hundred and sixty-five feet. It is designed to house the great collections of natural history which include the many trophies of hunting expeditions in far distant lands by ex-Presidents and others in search of relaxation and adventure.

Upon entering the museums the first thing to attract attention is the spacious auditorium with its elevated stage, which is designed to afford learned Professors opportunities for the delivery of lectures upon many diverse subjects pertaining to Ethnology, Archology and various other ologies.

A singular phase of human nature is shown by the manner in which these interesting exhibits are viewed by the multitudes that stream through its spacious galleries. Some of the most remarkable geologic collections, which must have taken months and even years to gather and arrange, will get but a passing glance from the hurrying throng, while some amusing feature like a wax figure of a hottentot, or a couple of stuffed monkeys, will attract



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the attention of nine-tenths of the visitors who happen along.

There is some food for thought in the contemplation of the remarkably fine globe on exhibition which shows the northern section of the western hemisphere as it appeared during the glacial epoch. The entire continent is shown submerged with ice, from two to three hundred feet in thickness, extending in a compact, solid sheet from the North Pole to as far south as the Mason and Dixon line. The areas where now stand the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Chicago and St. Louis are shown completely covered with an enormous icy blanket, terrific in its immensity. The bare possibility of the recurrence of such a cataclysm is enough to chill the imagination and appall the senses. And who can say that such an awful occurrence cannot happen again?



Some fine casts of monster meteors are also exhibited in this gallery. One specimen from Mexico, measuring eleven feet, by seven feet, eight inches, is particularly noteworthy. The

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effect of the impact of such a mass of iron, coming to earth with the tremendous velocity which a meteor is known to possess, is appalling to the imagination; particularly if such a monstrous missile should strike a large city like Washington or New York.

Less mysterious, but more interesting are the fossilized trees from Dakota. These trees decayed after being submerged, leaving matrices which were filled up with silicate deposits. In this manner perfect replicas, in stone, were left of the trees as they stood in the forests. In close proximity is displayed, a large model showing sixteen fossil forests embedded, one on top of the other as they appear in Yellowstone Park. This is chiefly interesting from the fact that when the first forest grew to full sized trees, it was engulfed by a volcanic eruption, on the top of which there grew another forest, which in turn was overwhelmed by volcanic debris in which another forest grew to maturity to meet a like fate, and so on until sixteen successive forests met with destruction.

Enormous skeletons of Dinosaurs and gigan-

LABORS
BONNIE
PIPER



Tom Fleming
1913

WILLIAM BAUCHOP WILSON.

Hoot mon! dinna ye ken th' Scot that sits at the end of the Cabinet table? There's a Wilson at the head of the table and a Wilson at the foot. He's a braw Scot—he at the foot. What matter where he sits? Where McGregor sits is the head. A bonnie lad is Willie wi' the pipes, and when he pipes for Labor his notes are nae weak. A motto has he—'tis—"Let the lads that dance, pay the piper—and pay him Union wages."

THE NEW NATIONAL MUSEUM.

tic Mastodons form an exceedingly attractive feature in one of the sections of the museum devoted to fossil vertebrates. One horribly repulsive specimen of Dinosaur measuring over seventy feet in length is seen standing in such a menacing attitude that one involuntarily recoils upon first beholding its giant proportions. In life, these early monsters must have had a most terrifying aspect. Fortunately they were equipped with remarkably small heads and were probably very sluggish in their movements; nevertheless, primitive man must have had an exceedingly interesting time in combatting them—very much akin to the interesting time modern man now has in coping with a somewhat similar predatory beast of colossal proportions—the Trust Gigantum, which roams unmolested throughout the land seeking whom it may devour—but that is quite another narrative.



In an adjoining room there stands the articulated skeleton of a giant deer with antlers which measure nine feet across. This speci-

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ment was found under the peat in an Irish bog—probably an Irish Bull Moose.

At the head of the stairway to the second floor, a fine collection of Egyptian mummies greets the eye. A small group surrounded one of the more beautiful specimens in silent admiration. The guard volunteered the information that it was the mummy of an Egyptian Queen.



“Poor thing!” exclaimed a young lady standing by. “She was buried in her hobble skirt.”

From ancient Carthage, has been brought to the museum a large section of the floor of a palace built in 100 B. C. Thereon is represented in beautiful mosaic, the crouching figure of a lion. This fine piece of ancient art speaks eloquently of the flourishing state of the fine arts existing at this early period in the old Egyptian city.

Skeletons of all forms of animal life abound in the next section. One particularly noticeable one is that of an elephant’s head sawed in half in such a manner as to display the brain cavity, which is exceedingly small for so large

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a head. This looks bad for the G. O. P.

There are many glass cases on this floor, containing exhibits of the most interesting character. One contains an elaborately constructed model of the interior economy of a man.

In contemplating this life-like representation of man's inside machinery one involuntarily exclaims "What a wonderful piece of work is man!"—until you take a peep at the next case and discover that it contains a similarly constructed model of a goat, and notice that it is just as marvellously fashioned—and then your ego drops—and you pass on to the next exhibit.

Something more substantial and weighty arrests your attention a little farther on, where you stop to examine a large boulder of solid copper which weighs over three tons. The guards waste no time in watching this.

In the section devoted to oils, there are scores of oblong bottles containing petroleum samples from every part of the country; enough to make "John D.'s" mouth water—paradoxical as that may seem.



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One exhibit all visitors ask to see, is the widely known and much heralded collection of trophies of Roosevelt's African hunting expedition. The magnitude of this agglomeration of dead-ones is easily understood when it is stated that they number over eleven thousand specimens, of which, one hundred and thirty are lions, fierce and awful to look upon. The closest scrutiny, however, will not disclose the one he tried hardest to get—that of the Democratic Donkey.



CHAPTER XXII

WASHINGTON SOCIETY.



WASHINGTON being a great political centre, is also a great social centre. It is the one great American city where society is somewhat more than a relaxation from the struggles of business life. In the days when the Capitol was young, when the city was unkempt, Society was crude and slatternly.

But times have changed. The stiff, uncomfortable and artificial have given way to a more natural and more refined state of society. Party distinctions are not so well defined. No matter how antagonistic men may be in party contests, partisan animosities are never carried into social functions.

Social life at the Capital is divided into two classes. There are the people who occupy official positions which entitle them to places in the social world if they possess the means and inclination; and there are the people who are not of the official or political class, but who reside in Washington because they like its "at-





SENATOR WM. H. THOMPSON.

Woman, lovely woman! Ambitious woman!
You have no truer, finer champion than the "Sun-
flower Statesman," who extols your virtues and
minimizes your blemishes. A crystal-clear ballot-
box which reflects the attractive features of lovely
womankind is ever his ideal of a perfect electorate.
His motto is—"When woman stoops to conquer,
man had better dodge."

WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

mosphere"; who like its political life and excitement and prefer its society to that of any other city.

There is much dignity and stateliness in Washington society. In other cities the prefix "Mr." covers all. At the Capital men are usually addressed by their titles,—if they have any. It is Mr. Congressman, Mr. Senator or Mr. Secretary in the case of those entitled to such distinction. And in the question of precedence Mr. Senator outranks Mr. Congressman. This is one reason why the lowly member of the "House" always looks longingly to the day when he can ascend to the "upper-house."

Excessive wealth counts for little at the Capital. As a matter of fact, there are few men of great wealth in Congress or even in the Cabinet. As a rule rich men do not affect politics in American life as they do in foreign countries. The men prominent in official life are usually of small means dependent entirely upon their salaries.

The members of the diplomatic corps, however, are by reason of their rank, birth and rep-



Hon. Charles R. Crisp
Rep. 3rd Dist., Ga.



THE CAPITAL



Hon. James Wickersham
Rep., Alaska

representative character, usually considered at the top of the social ladder. They live in a style and entertain in a manner befitting their refined station. This has an elevating influence on Washington society and is not conducive to vulgar display which is so often the case where excessive wealth holds dominion. There is no fashionable restaurant famous for its ostentatious dinners in Washington. It is in the privacy of the home that entertainments are held. Society keeps to itself rather than go on parade, and it is never on exhibition as it is in other large cities. Opera boxes are not engaged for the season; there are no authenticated promenades like Hyde Park, Champs Elysees, or Fifth Avenue. If you are a member, you take your friends as invited guests to the Country club, to Chevy Chase, and meet interesting people, but this is not for the indiscriminate multitude.

Position means something at the Capital, but persons are everything,—as the ambitious Congressman's wife found out who fondly imagined that election to Congress carried an open



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sesame to all doors. It is a bitter lesson the socially ambitious wife of the new member learns when she realizes that the wife of the President, or the wives of Senators and other officials do not receive her with open arms. Her disillusionment is complete when she reflects that while her husband may be a very big man in his district, he is a small man at the national Capital until he has proved his superiority. In other words, they've got a most annoying habit of looking at a new-comer through the big end of the political and social telescope.

To the man who proves himself only an ordinary member of Congress, the social recognition which his wife craves will never be his.

The wives of the Senators from his state will return his wife's call, she will probably be the recipient of an invitation to an improvised dinner, for appearance sake, but that will be all.

Along somewhat similar lines runs the experience of the other woman who, finding the social lines too tightly drawn to her where her husband garnered his golden pile, imagines that the conquest of Washington is easy to one who



Hon. Samuel B. Avis
Rep. 3rd Dist., W. Va.

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Hon. A. W. Gregg
Rep. 7th Dist., Texas

can afford to buy admission. Having a great house and many servitors, are to her, reasons sufficient to insure easy victory. But such is not the case. Her visitors are not the nice people, the women she really wants to know. There are always men and women who accept her invitations to her expensive entertainments and who in the seclusion of their automobiles, as they depart from her functions, laugh at her pretensions and sneer at her numerous faux pas.



The social code is full of contrasts. The Vice President may live at a hotel and not lose caste. A Cabinet officer may walk to a dinner engagement instead of arriving in a Limousine, and cause no comment. But the President may not depart from precedent. He is always the President. By virtue of his position he is the leader of society. As a rule he is somewhat advanced in years, caring little for social diversions. An invitation to the White House carries with it a command—it is likewise a great compliment. The Presidents have never been men of great private fortune, and their

SEN. WILLIAM O'CONNELL BRADLEY.

Old Kentucky is proud of her fine thoroughbreds, her beautiful daughters, and her favorite son, Bill Bradley. She has been very kind to him; giving him a Governorship, a United States Senatorship, and several other toys to play with. His motto in life is, "A boy's best friend is his mother-state."



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dinners have never been extravagant affairs.

The New-Year's reception at the White House is a thing long to be remembered. The big, spacious East Room is gaily festooned with flowers, and in this room are to be seen the most eminent people in official life at the Capital. It is a spectacle that can be seen in no other place, and well repays the long journeys many take to witness it. The President welcomes his guests with a kindly, indulgent smile, but nothing more. Refreshments are never offered at these receptions, and as the government foots all the bills incurred for flowers, decorations and music, the President's private purse does not suffer, but he would most probably be very willing to put his hand in his pocket—and keep it there, and by so doing escape the awful ordeal of hand-shaking he is forced to submit to. But alas, custom, tyrannical custom decrees that the President must be “pump-handled” on every public occasion. 'Tis the thorn that goes with the rose.



Hon. Duncan U. Fletcher
U. S. Senator, Florida



CHAPTER XXIII

THE TREASURY.



WHEN President Jackson became impatient at the long delay in selecting a site for the Treasury building he stuck his cane into the ground and exclaimed, "Build at once—and build here."

The decision was unfortunate. Such a beautiful structure should have had a better setting. The architect, Mr. Robert Mills, wished to have a more commodious location for his stately Ionic Temple design, but was overruled by the building commission, and the result is, the Treasury building is the worst placed structure in Washington.

At about eleven o'clock in the morning groups of tourists arrive at the entrance to the big building to inspect its very interesting interior. The tour usually begins at the big vaults in what might be termed the basement of the building. The guide is one who has learned all the particulars of the many departments by heart and very obligingly reels them



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Hon. Henry George
Rep., 21st Dist., N. Y.

off for the benefit of the successive parties of sightseers who arrive hour after hour during the time the building is open to visitors.

The big vaults contain silver dollars in bags piled up like cord-wood, and gold dollars in similar bags, with the exception that they don't look so tantalizingly plentiful.

The next sight to make the heart of the visitor ache is that of the big macerator, a machine that chews up money as a cow chews cud. It is all very distressing—this destruction of real money, even if it is worn out. One cannot help thinking that one more round could be taken out of the big packages before they were led to execution.

The macerator is a huge receptacle of steel, containing a quantity of water, and fitted with closely set knives, which, as they revolve cut and macerate the notes to a pulp. An average of one million dollars a day is destroyed by this machine. On one occasion recently, over one hundred and fifty millions of dollars in banknotes and bonds were placed in the macerator for destruction.

THE TREASURY.

The greatest care is exercised in correctly counting the bank-notes received and issued. The best counters are women. The suffragists might make use of this fact—The women will be expert vote counters when they get the ballot.

Very remarkable is the work done by the expert in damaged money. Burned money, shreds and patches of bank-notes that would defy anyone but an adept in such matters to decipher, are received daily for redemption. Money hidden in stoves and accidentally scorched, notes chewed up by dogs, ashes of bank-notes partly burned, and money torn to shreds by lunatics, form some of the problems offered for solution.

Guarding the Treasury is a very serious question and has been given great consideration. A force of seventy watchmen is divided into three reliefs. Night and day the big building is patrolled. Electric bells are sounded every half-hour in the Captain's office. This office is in direct communication with the Police Department, with Fort Myer, and the Arsenal.



Hon. James W. Good
Rep. 5th Dist., Iowa



JOHN J. FITZGERALD, M. C.

It was the custom of the ancient Romans to place the purse strings of the Public Treasury into the hands of the ablest and most trusted Pretorian. Caesar knew that the sinews of war derived their strength from the public money banks. Hence his solicitude as to their custodian. Chairman Fitzgerald of the Appropriations Committee is of Irish stock—fighting stock. A centurion who fights to the last cent. His motto is—"Audaces fortuna juvat"—"Fortune favors the brave"—or "More power to him."—take your choice.

THE TREASURY.

If occasion warranted, a thousand men could be called on for protection.

The United States Treasury collects and handles a greater amount of money than any similar institution on earth. It devolves upon the Secretary of the Treasury to advise Congress what amount of money will be required to properly run the government for the ensuing year. The Treasury Department also collects all the taxes levied by Congress for the government's support.

It is a prevailing idea that the United States government has been out of the banking business since Andrew Jackson put the old United States Bank out of commission, but such is not the case. At the office of the sergeant-at-arms of the House of Representatives there is a Federal Bank run exclusively for the benefit of congressmen. This House Bank does every kind of banking business with the exception of lending money. Each fiscal month ends on the third in both branches of Congress. On the fourth of each month each congressman is credited with \$625 in this bank, subject to his



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check. Every banking function like the cashing of checks, receiving deposits, and collections is performed for members of the House.

An idea of its scope can be gathered from the fact that it does a business of over four million dollars annually.

The Treasurer of the United States after receiving the individual salary receipts, pays the money to the Bank which in turn honors the members' checks to the amount credited.

One of the most recent laws passed to prevent counterfeiting is that which prohibits moving-picture companies from making films which show processes of counterfeiting. One company had produced a most elaborate film showing the interior of a den of counterfeiters successfully imitating and passing spurious bank-notes. This was immediately suppressed and all the films and negatives seized and destroyed.



Hon. William J. Browning
Rep., 5th Dist., N. J.

There are many ways in which the Treasury is from time to time enriched. For instance all bank-notes destroyed in great calamities like conflagrations, sinking of ships at sea, and

THE TREASURY.

other accidents are a distinct gain to Uncle Sam. The metal in a one cent peice is worth but a fraction of its face value. When this coin is lost the Treasury profits exceedingly through the different between the actual and face values. Nearly nine million of the old half-cent pieces have never been returned to the Treasury department, and considerably over a million of the two and three-cent pieces have disappeared—"For to every one that hath, shall be given, and he shall abound."

A lucrative source of income to the Treasury is the Internal Revenue Bureau. This bureau dates from 1791, when a special tax was levied on Whiskey. This tax was fixed at eighteen cents a gallon. It is now one dollar and ten cents a gallon, but its devotees don't stop at a little thing like that.

But when the first tax of a few cents a gallon was put upon the fiery-fluid it almost led to a civil war, which shows how much the times have changed in one hundred and twenty-two years.

Uncle Sam has lately installed an innovation



Hon. Samuel Rea
Pres., Penna. R. R.

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that promises much in the way of economy in the running expense of the Treasury Department. It is a laundry for soiled paper money, and in view of the added life it will give to bank-notes, the estimates for the current year have been reduced many hundreds of thousands of dollars. It has been objected to on the score that the washing of the notes made counterfeiting easy. But this objection has been overcome by the use of an ink that will stand the cleansing process better. This new ink is another government secret like the silk fibres used exclusively in American bank-notes and will render counterfeiting more difficult than ever and now it can truthfully be said that "It's a bad note that won't wash."



CHAPTER XXIV

ENGRAVING AND PRINTING MONEY.



It is conceded that the handsomest paper currency in the world is that which is printed at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington. From an artistic standpoint, the United States banknote is a work of art. In some cases the most eminent decorative artists of the country have been intrusted with the designing of these notes, and the engravings of the portraits and vignettes are unsurpassed as specimens of steel engraving. There is nothing anomalous in the assertion that Uncle Sam knows how to make money.

That the American banknote is the despair of the counterfeiter is evinced in the fact that out of an issue of over \$3,000,000,000, less than \$15,000 worth of counterfeit money has been detected.

"Is this where you manufacture 'the root of all evil?'" I inquired one day of the official who guards the door of the Money Printery. He gave me back as good as I sent. "Yes, we





SENATOR JACKSON.

The name Stonewall Jackson has been made famous in American History. There is another—a Jackson who stands upon a stone wall inscribed with the mystic letters G. O. P. which being freely deciphered, signify, Gone out Party, as it has gone out of power in old Maryland and taken the worthy Senator with it. The doughty Jackson avers that some day the tide will turn and then a stone wall will be handy to have in the party.

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show you how to make money here," he replied, then turning to a young lady who stood ready to guide a waiting party through the building, he said:

"This gentleman wishes to know all about the making of money—afford him every facility for learning the art, and then furnish the secret service bureau with a perfect description of him, together with as good a photograph you can get of his suspicious looking countenance." As he got off this little pleasantry at my expense he grinned broadly.

I could well afford to stand the raillery however, when I noticed the bright and affable guide he had intrusted me to, in my inspection of the interesting building.

On the wall of the waiting room is a large frame containing samples of the work done in the building. In this collection is a \$10,000 gold certificate, the largest note issued.

"There are nearly three thousand employees in this building, two-thirds of whom are women," began the young lady by way of introduction.



Hon. J. B. Calvo
Minister of Costa Rica

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"They'll outvote the men when women get the franchise," I remarked.

"Residents of the District of Columbia have no vote," she responded in a deprecatory tone.

"This room," she announced with a wave of the hand over the room we had just entered, "contains six hundred employees engaged in the printing of the notes."

The large spacious room seemed a perfect forest of hand-presses. The operation of printing is very simple. A printer stood on one side of the press with a small hand roller covered with a black, sticky looking ink, which he rolled thoroughly into the engraving on the steel plate lying on the bed of the press, then he wiped off all the surplus ink with a cloth, completing the operation finally with his bare arm which he dexterously used to remove the small particles of unnecessary ink remaining on the plate. Opposite to him on the other side of the press, stood a girl holding a well dampened sheet of paper which she carefully placed on the now ready plate. With a quick movement the printer adjusted the tympan, or cover, and



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with a turn of the long handle the plate was run through the press. On its return the printed sheet was removed and closely inspected by the girl while the printer prepared the plate for another impression.

"These printers are expert in their work and as they work piece work, sometimes make as high as ten dollars a day," explained the guide.

This is one method of printing that has not changed in four hundred years. Printing from the steel intaglio engraved plate was common in Albert Durer's time and it is rather remarkable that with all the marvellous advances made in the printing art, no improvement has been made in this particular branch. It is true that steel plate printing can be done on power presses, but the Government deems the hand-press method the only proper way to print un-counterfeitable banknotes.

"The silk-fibred paper used in the making of these notes is made in a small town in Massachusetts," continued the tireless guide, "and is a closely guarded trade secret, while the law forbids any one to have such paper in their



